

THE
PSYCHOLOGICAL REVIEW.

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TO THE READERS OF THE PSYCHOLOGICAL
REVIEW.

THOUGH it is no special business of mine, except as one who has done his best for many years to improve and develop the literature of Spiritualism, I venture to make this statement and suggestion to the friends of the movement in this country and America.

Until recently, we had been for some time without a magazine in which extended papers could find publication. Journals we had, but their space was small, and they could not print such papers as from month to month find space here. It will not be doubted that this was a great loss, and the *Psychological Review* was put forward to meet it.

Nor will it be doubted that it has met this want ably and well. I hear warm commendation of it on all sides, as a credit to its editor, and to the movement. An efficient body of writers make it a useful and valuable addition to the literature of Spiritualism, and sustained effort is made to this end.

This being so, it becomes, I think, a duty on the part of Spiritualists at large to maintain it on a secure financial basis. It should depend on the generosity of no man, but on the intelligent and steady support of all Spiritualists.

Holding this view,—the only one financially sound—I venture respectfully to suggest to my many friends here and in other countries, to do their part in one of the following ways:—

1. By gaining one new subscriber.
2. By taking an extra copy, to be sent to persons likely to be interested in its contents.
3. By supplying the "Review" to Reading-Rooms, Libraries, and Societies where it will be seen and read.

The *Psychological Review* has, I believe, done well hitherto, A very simple effort, if united, will put it on a basis which will allow of energy being devoted solely to the maintenance of a high standard of literary excellence. This is what I desire to see done.

M. A. (OXON.)

LONDON, November, 1881.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

SPIRITUALISM AND THE RELIGIOUS PRESS.

An American religious paper, published in Pittsburgh, Pa., rejoicing in the cognomen of "*Zion's Watch Tower*," has recently issued a free supplement in the form of a book of 160 pp., of which I am informed upwards of a quarter of a million copies have been printed for gratuitous distribution. Some of these have found their way to England, and one to myself. It is entitled "Food for Thinking Christians," and is "designed to supply a fuller knowledge of 'Our Father' and his plans." It contains dissertations on various theological and other topics, amongst them Spiritualism, supported in the main by numerous textual quotations from the Bible. Now, while desiring to recognise and appreciate the general temperate tone taken by the writer of the book in question, I contend that there is no more delusive and ensnaring source of erroneous and false deductions than the dangerous habit of Bible text quotation. You can prove anything and nothing by it, and the writer under consideration has fallen into this error when treating of Modern Spiritualism.

There are, however, many what I may call "points of agreement" between the views here brought forward and spiritual teaching. For instance, speaking of the resurrection of Jesus, our writer says "he appeared as a man. He was 'raised a spiritual body,' consequently the same powers which we find illustrated by angels—spiritual bodies, should be true of him, and such was the case. . . .

"Remember that the object of Jesus' appearing to them was to convince them that 'he who was *dead* is *alive* for evermore;' that they might go forth as '*witnesses*.' Being a spiritual body, it was simply a question of expediency which way he could best appear to them—*i.e.*, in which way would his object in appearing be best accomplished. . . .

"We presume that it was to guard against the idea that he was a *fleshly body* that he appeared in various *forms* and in miraculous ways, coming into their midst, the doors being shut, and vanishing from their sight. He not only showed that *he* had undergone a change since death, but he illustrated his own teaching to Nicodemus, that every one born of the Spirit ('That born of the Spirit is *Spirit*') can go and come like the wind. 'Thou canst not tell whence it cometh and whither it goes, *so is every one* that is born of the Spirit' (John 3:8). So did Jesus go and come. 'But some doubted'—some wanted to thrust their hands into his side, and put their fingers into the print of the nails, and Jesus thus appeared."

And so on. The argument of the writer being to show that Jesus' risen body, though bearing the shape and general characteristics of his mortal frame, was not the same; did not possess the earthly flesh and blood; and yet had the power of appearing as a man—in any form he chose. With that I have no disagreement.

But I must join issue when he comes to deal with Spiritualism. The claim put forward is that "what is at the present time called Spiritualism, is a counterfeit of the true as taught in the Bible." As a rule—and I have over and over again urged this—it is not well even to attempt to answer the charges of necromancy—for such in effect is this—so often preferred against Spiritualism. Those who bring them forward either cannot or will not distinguish between "things that differ." In this case, however, the general tone of the book is so moderate that I am induced to take up the gauntlet, believing that ignorance of the truer and higher aspects of Spiritualism is the basis of condemnation, and new light on the subject will not be rejected and without effect.

I will try and select extracts that will fairly and impartially state the view taken. First, I must point out that the fact of the existence of spirits, and the possibility of communication between the two worlds is admitted. This is implied at least as far as Bible times are concerned, in the claim above mentioned, and its application to the present day will be more fully brought out in the extracts given below.

"Spiritual beings, as we have heretofore shown, possess powers greater and higher than humanity. . . . Angels can and have appeared as men. . . . Some other powers of angels can be discovered by examining the record; for instance, the angels who delivered Lot and his family from Sodom had power to smite the rioters of Sodom with blindness.—Gen. 19 : 11. An angel 'did wondrously before Manoa,' another performed a miracle before Gideon.—Judges 6 : 21, and 13-19. The angel of the Lord delivered the apostles from prison, and yet left the prison-doors unmolested; again, an angel delivered Peter from prison, the doors opening of their own accord.—Acts 5 : 19-23, and 12 : 8. On many occasions they made known to men things which were about to come to pass, etc. Now, the evil angels—the devil and his angels—have by nature the very same powers, but are restrained."

Then follow numerous quotations of the well-known texts as to "wizards" and "familiar spirits," etc., and the writer goes on to say:—

"And so ever since, Satan has kept up his practices with various changes of method to suit the circumstances; sometimes with characteristic devilishness, at other times in the garb of religion, 'for Satan himself is transformed into an angel of light, therefore it is no great thing if his ministers (*mediums*) also be transformed as ministers of righteousness.'—2 Cor. 11 : 14. In our day, when knowledge is so great, and morality (called *Christianity*) so popular, Satan *must*, if he would continue to oppose truth, take the religious cloak; and so he does. To-day Spiritualism ranks itself among the religious sects. 'The synagogue (church) of Satan,' truly.

"Spiritualism, though refined and modernised, is yet the same that it ever was, in ages past. *Its object is not the inculcation of truth, nor of love for God the Father, and our Lord Jesus Christ.* They claim that Jesus was a fine *medium*, and taught and used Spiritualism in his day as well as he understood it. They do not outwardly profess to oppose the Bible and its teachings, but they do so really, both teaching and practicing the very things therein condemned. . . .

"They still possess supernatural powers, too, just as in the days of Saul, and Paul, and Moses. While we do not question that some of the things claimed to be done are mere deceptions, yet we know of many things done by them, where no deception was possible. Among those who believe '*in this way*' we know of several who once were *mediums* of the devil, and did 'those things whereof they are now ashamed.' These, when coming to a knowledge of the truth, are thankful for their escape from that 'snare of the devil.' Spiritualism hates the light, and their wonders are done under cover of their favourite principle—*darkness*. . . .

"Though working stealthily, their numbers are large, and embrace many of the influential of earth—judges, senators, etc. The queen of what is known as the greatest *Christian* kingdom on earth, on whose possessions the light of day is said never to set, called the 'Christian Queen,' is known by many to be a 'Spiritualist.' It is coming before people in a way that commands attention, and those

who do not realize it to be the work of Satan, are almost sure to regard it as a power of God.

"The Rev. Joseph Cook, justly celebrated for his able defence of the Bible and its Author, against the attacks of atheists and infidels, such as Huxley, Darwin, Arnold, *et al.*, has lately had his attention aroused to the recognition of the growing influence of 'Spiritualism,' and having investigated the subject to some extent, he recently delivered a lecture on the subject, in which he expressed his belief that many of their tricks and performances are done by no human power, and are actually *supernatural*. He does not pretend to say how, or by what power, but claims that not only himself, but some of the profoundest scientific minds of Germany have reached the conclusion that Spiritualism cannot be condemned as *false* by any scientific tests yet applied to it."

These extracts, I think, give fairly the "statement of claim," and and I will now briefly comment upon it. It is here admitted that spiritual beings are of two classes—good and evil. Taken broadly and generally, this is true, also that they possess higher and greater powers than humanity, that both good and evil possess these powers alike, but use them in different ways, and for different purposes, in one case for beneficent, and in the other for evil objects. In the latter, their power is to a certain extent restrained. All this is true, and so far I have nothing to complain of. But note the whole begging of the question that follows. Modern Spiritualism is assumed to be the sorcery and necromancy so strongly denounced in Scripture. The writer admits the existence in olden days of two kinds of Spiritualism, one good, and lawful, and reverent, and the other bad, unlawful, and degrading, and yet he assumes that *all* Spiritualism now-a-days comes under the latter category. He is, however, hardly consistent, for in another part of his paper he says—

"There are portions of Scripture which *seem* to teach that during this 'Day of the Lord' there will be manifestations of the saints *as men* in fleshly bodies—those who have been *changed* to spiritual bodies like unto Christ's glorious body—and that they will *appear* as he 'appeared' after his resurrection, and do a work of teaching as he taught the disciples, opening men's understandings that they might understand the Scriptures."

How does he know that the "Saints" have not already begun their work, and that Spiritualism in some of its higher phases is not the very attempt to "open men's understandings" that is here alluded to? Certain it is that no more powerful elucidator of the Bible has ever appeared than Spiritualism, which does not deny, but rather enforces and illustrates the truths taught therein. As to the statement that "*its object is not the inculcation of truth nor of love for God the Father,*" and so on, I directly and emphatically deny the assertion. It is not true. I know of no more powerful incentive to not only right thinking, but right doing from pure motives, than is Spiritualism. It teaches men more than any thing else, nobler and

truer views of life and being ;—that wrongs and misdeeds must be not only repented of, but atoned for, if not in this life, then in the next ; that the soul's day of judgment is ever here, and sooner or later the spirit must gather up the threads of its former sins, and weave the lines of life afresh into garments of light and beauty, with which it may clothe itself anew.

With regard to the devil-angel transformation scene, that is an argument that cuts both ways, and spiritualists could with as much show of reason retort that such transformation had taken place with regard to the views enunciated by the writer ; “that as Satan himself is transformed into an angel of light, *therefore* it is no great thing if his ministers (clergymen, editors of religious papers, writers of articles against Spiritualism, etc., etc.) also be transformed as ministers of righteousness,” and so on. I have just as much right to turn the argument in this fashion as my opponent has to use it in the way he has done. It is valueless, and not worth the paper it is written upon.

FURTHER CONCERNING THE “HAUNTED HOUSE IN BRIGHTON.”

In my Notes and Comments last month I made reference to the discussion in the *Daily Telegraph* about Ghosts and Hauntings. I then pointed out that so far as it drew attention to the subject, and roused a spirit of enquiry, a good work was being done ; but that for all practical purposes it was valueless, as stories of this kind required not only the furnishing of names and addresses to the editor as a guarantee of good faith, but also that the narratives should be substantiated by the *publication* of these details in order that the public might be able to judge for itself as to the value of the evidence before them. Since then my argument has been singularly strengthened in this-wise. It will doubtless be remembered that the *Herald of Progress* and the *Spiritualist* of the 28th of October contained a remarkable story, entitled—“A Haunted House in Brighton, which had first appeared in the *Brightonian*. I was so struck with the story, and thought it offered so favourable an opportunity of investigation into the phenomena of hauntings, that I determined to obtain further details, and if possible, to make arrangements for renting the house in question for two or three weeks with a view of (1) testing the genuineness of the phenomena recorded in the narrative, and (2) of ascertaining their cause and purpose. I invited Mr. Frank Podmore, who has, for some time, been desirous of making a similar investigation to join me, and he made enquiries in one direction, and I in another. The result has induced me to think that the whole story is a fabrication, without the slightest foundation in fact, and written, probably, merely as a spicy tale for the *Brightonian*, which is a weekly paper of the same stamp as *Society*. My reasons for so thinking are these :—I addressed a letter to the editor of the paper where-in the story was published, asking if he could supply me with details

as to the position of the house in question, or put me in communication with the agents, adding that my object was to endeavour to arrange for the renting of it for a short period. I further requested him, if he were personally unable to supply me with the information I required, to kindly forward my letter to the writer of the narrative. In due course the editor of the *Brightonian* courteously informed me that he had complied with my last request. Sometime—three weeks or more—has elapsed, and I have heard nothing further from that quarter. In the meantime Mr. Podmore had communicated with friends of his, residing in Brighton, and who hold responsible positions there. Their report was to the effect, that they had made careful enquiries in the town, of people whom they could trust, and were assured that it might “safely be concluded that the story of ‘a haunted house in Brighton’ is a fabrication.” Of course, the evidence is not absolute, that the affair is a hoax; but it looks very much like it, and, at anyrate, it clearly bears out my remarks, that the first *sine quâ non* of evidence in such cases as these, is the full publication of names and addresses of those concerned. It is possible the writer did not, for private reasons, wish publicity; but in my communication I pledged myself not to mention his name if so desired, and I think, that as I prepared a reply, I was entitled to that, even if assistance in the matter were declined. I wonder how many of the *Daily Telegraph* stories would stand even a similar preliminary investigation?

Apròpos of Haunted Houses, I shall be obliged if any of my readers can supply me with apparently genuine cases. I shall be prepared to enter into arrangements, if that is necessary, to rent any that seem likely to stand enquiry.

THE SUPERNATURAL IN HISTORY.

A well known Spiritualist—Mrs. Howitt-Watts—has sent me two or three narratives which may be interesting to readers of the *Psychological Review*, and as her communication needs no elucidation from my pen, I give the story in her own words. She says:—Once let the mind have fully recognised the existence of the spirit-world; once let it have ceased to doubt and cavil at the possibility of “the other world people,” influencing the fates and fortunes of the people of earth, let it have become a probability to the understanding, that the two spheres of being—the disembodied and embodied ever have impinged upon each other, and ever must impinge—that it is the appointed order for one world to act and re-act upon the other; then when the eyes of spiritual-perception have thus become “couched” of their materialistic “cataract,” the pages of history, the pages of biography, the experiences of every day human-life, will be discovered to teem to overflowing with illustration of this momentous reality.

As an example of what may be found in the works of popular historians, we will give a passage from the pages of Miss Strickland’s

"Life of Queen Elizabeth." It relates to the last days of that great Queen. "A trifling incident," says Miss Strickland, "is imagined to have made a painful and ominous impression on her imagination. Her coronation-ring which she had worn night and day since her inauguration, having grown into her finger, it became necessary to have it filed off, and this was regarded by her as an evil portent. In the beginning of June she confided to the French Ambassador 'that she was weary of life,' and with sighs and tears alluded to the death of Essex, that subject which appears to have ever been in her thoughts. 'Her Majesty,' says Lady Southwell, in her singular narrative preserved at Stonyhurst, of the last days of Queen Elizabeth, 'being in very good health, one day Sir John Stanhope, vice-chamberlain, and Sir Robert Cecil's dependent and familiar, came and presented her Majesty with a piece of gold of the bigness of an angel, full of characters, which he said an old woman in Wales had bequeathed to her (the Queen) on her death-bed; and thereupon he discovered how the said testatrix, by virtue of the piece of gold, lived to the age of 120 years, and in that age, having all her body withered and consumed, and wanting nature to nourish her, she died, commanding the said piece of gold to be carefully sent to her Majesty, alleging further, that as long as she wore it to her body, she could not die. The Queen, in confidence, took the said gold, and hung it about her neck.' The adoption of this talisman, however," observes Miss Strickland, "was followed by a general breaking up of her constitution instead of a renewal. 'Though she became not suddenly sick, she daily decreased of her rest and feeding, and within fifteen days,' continues Lady Southwell, 'she fell down-right ill; and the cause being wondered at by my Lady Scrope, with whom she was very private and confident, being her near kinswoman, her Majesty told her—commanding her to conceal the same—that she saw one night her own body, exceeding lean and fearful, in a light of fire. This vision was at Whitehall, a little before she departed for Richmond, and was attested by another lady, who was one of the nearest about her person, of whom the queen demanded *whether she was not wont to see sights in the night? telling her of the bright flame she had seen.*" Miss Strickland remarks, "this is a common deception of the sight in a highly vitiated state of bile, but in the commencement of the *seventeenth century, educated individuals were as ignorant of physiology as infants.*" We might observe with reference to the remark of Miss Strickland, that educated individuals in the middle of the nineteenth century, were as ignorant of psychology as infants.

On the 14th of January, the queen having sickened two days before of a cold, and being forewarned by Dr. Dee, who retained his mysterious influence over her mind, to beware of Whitehall, removed to Richmond, which she said "was the warm winter-box to shelter her old age." Elizabeth removed on a wet, stormy day to Richmond. "The Queen," says Carey Earl of Monmouth, "had fallen into a state of mooping, sighing, and weeping melancholy; and being asked

by her attendants 'whether she had any secret cause of grief,' she replied 'that she knew of nothing in this world worthy of troubling her.' She was obstinate in refusing everything prescribed by her physicians." "I found her," says the same authority, "in one of her with-drawing chambers sitting low upon her cushions. She remained upon her cushions four days and nights at least. All about her could not persuade her either to take any sustenance or go to bed. The Lord Admiral was sent for as the person who professed the most influence with her, being also one of her nearest surviving kinsmen. The Admiral came and knelt beside her, where she sate among her cushions, sullen and unresigned, he kissed her hands, and with tears implored her to take a little nourishment. After much ado he prevailed so far that she received a little broth from his hands—he feeding her with a spoon. But when he urged her to go to bed, she angrily refused; and then in wild and wandering words, hinted at phantasma that had troubled her midnight couch. 'If he were in the habit of seeing such things in his bed,' she said, 'as she did when in hers, he would not be persuaded to go there.' Secretary Cecil, over-hearing this speech, asked '*If her Majesty had seen any spirits?*' He was not in her confidence, and she replied majestically, 'She scorned to answer him such a question.' But Cecil's pertness was not to be subdued by the lion-like mein of dying majesty, and he told her that to content the people, she *must* go to bed. At which she smiled wonderfully, observing, 'The word *must* was not to be used to Princes,' adding, 'Little man! little man! if your father had lived, ye durst not have said so much; but ye know that I must die, and that makes ye so presumptuous.' She then commanded him and the rest to leave her chamber, all but Lord Howard the Admiral. When Cecil and his colleagues were gone, the Queen, shaking her head piteously, said—'*My Lord, I am tied with a chain of iron about my neck.*' The Queen understood Secretary Cecil had given forth to the people that *she was mad; therefore, in her sickness did she many times say to him—'Cecil, I know I am not mad; you must not think to make Queen Jane of me!'* alluding evidently to the unfortunate Queen-regent of Castile, Joanna, mother of Charles V.

Some attempt appears to have been made to charm away the dark spirit that had come over the Queen by the power of melody, for the French Ambassador says—"This morning the Queen's music hath gone to her."

Lady Southwell affirms "that the two ladies-in-waiting discovered the queen of hearts with a nail through the forehead, and thus fastened to the bottom of Her Majesty's chair. They durst not pull it out, remembering that the like thing was used to the old Countess of Sussex, and afterwards proved a witchcraft, for which certain persons were hanged, as instruments of the same."

As the mortal illness of the Queen drew to its close, Lady Guildford, then in waiting on the Queen, and leaving her in an almost breathless sleep in her privy-chamber, went out to take a little air.

and met Her Majesty, as she thought, three or four chambers off, Alarmed at the thoughts of being discovered in the act of leaving the royal patient alone, she hurried forward in some trepidation, in order to excuse herself, when the apparition vanished away. "Lady Guildford," says Lady Southwell, "returned terrified to her chamber, but there lay Queen Elizabeth, still in the same lethargic, motionless slumber in which she had left her."

"The Queen kept her bed fifteen days," continues Lady Southwell, "besides the three days she sate upon a stool, and one day when being pulled up by force, she obstinately stood on her feet for fifteen hours. When she was near her end, the Council sent to her the Archbishop of Canterbury and other prelates, at the sight of whom she was much offended, bidding them be packing, saying she was no Atheist, but she knew full well they were but hedge-priests. About six at night she made signs for the Archbishop of Canterbury and her chaplain to come to her, 'at which time,' says Carey, 'I went in with them and sat upon my knees, full of tears to see that heavy sight. The Bishop kneeled by her, and examined her of her faith. Then the good man told her plainly what she was come to, and though she had been long a great queen upon earth, yet shortly she was to yield an account of her stewardship to the great King of Kings.'" The spirit of the mighty Elizabeth, after all, passed away so quietly that the vigilance of the self-interested spies by whom she was surrounded was baffled, and no one knew the moment of her departure. Exhausted by her devotions she had, after the Archbishop left her, sunk into a deep sleep, from which she never awoke, and about three in the morning it was found she had ceased to breathe.

We will conclude with an extract from Masson's "Life of Milton," relating to a singular dream of Mr. Herbert (attendant on Charles I.), during the night before the King's execution. "Late into the night of the 29th, accordingly the Bishop (Juxon) remained with the King in private. After he had gone, Charles spent about two hours more in reading and praying, and then lay down to sleep, Mr. Herbert lying in the pallet-bed close to his. For about four hours he slept soundly; but very early in the morning, when it was dark, he awoke, opened the curtain of his bed, and called Mr. Herbert. The call disturbed Herbert suddenly from a dreamy doze into which he had fallen, after a very restless night; and when he got up, and was assisting the King to dress by the light of the wax-cake that had been kept burning in the chamber as usual, the King observed a peculiarly scared look on his face. Herbert, on being asked the cause, told His Majesty he had had an extraordinary dream. The King desiring to know what it was, Herbert related it.

"In his doze (he said), he had heard some one knock at the chamber-door. Thinking it might be Colonel Hooker, and not willing to disturb the King till he himself heard the knock, he had lain still.

A second time, however, the knock came; and this time he thought His Majesty had heard the knock, and told him to open the door and see who it was. He did go to the door, and on opening it, was surprised to see a figure standing there in pontifical habits, whom he knew to be the late Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Laud. He knew him well, having often seen him in his life. The figure said he had something to say to the King, and desired to enter. Then, as Herbert thought, the King having been told who it was, and having given permission, the Archbishop had entered, making a profound obeisance to the King in the middle of the room, a second on coming nearer, and at last falling on his knees as the King gave him his hand to kiss. Then the King raised him, and the two went to the window together, and discoursed there, Herbert keeping at a distance, and not knowing of what they talked, save that he noticed the King's face to be very pensive, and heard the Archbishop give a deep sigh. After a little they ceased to talk, and the Archbishop, again kissing the King's hand, retired slowly, with his face to the King, making three reverences as before. The third reverence was so low, that, as Herbert thought, the Archbishop had fallen prostrate on his face, and he had been in the act of stepping to help him up, when he had been awakened by the King's call. The impression had been so lively that he had still looked about the room as if all had been real. Herbert having thus told his dream, the King said it was remarkable, the rather because, if Laud had been alive, and they had been talking together as in the dream, it was likely, albeit, he loved the Archbishop well, he might have said something to him that would have occasioned his sigh." Herbert only mentioned the fact of his dream in the body of his memoir; but the detailed account of it in his own words, written in 1680, is given in the appendix, 217-222, and in a note to Wood's *Ath.* (respecting Herbert), IV. 32-36.

PSYCHOGRAPHY AMONG THE CHINESE.

The Chinese have for ages believed in the existence of spirits, and in the possibility of communication between the natural and spiritual worlds. This belief has been over and over again exemplified by various writers who, however, in relating the phenomena attributed to spiritual agency, have simply regarded them as the tricks of jugglers or the impositions of lying priests. It is, of course, probable that false pretenders to spiritual power exist in Eastern as well as in Western Spiritualism; but there is no reason to suppose that the sweeping relegations to the limbo of fraud and delusion that the majority of witnesses of Chinese psychological phenomena indulge in, are any nearer the truth than similar lucubrations by those who, without knowledge and investigation, oppose and denounce similar manifestations in our own country. The usual course in both cases is to jump to the conclusion that the occurrences are due to trick and imposture. It is easy to do that; but it can scarcely be said to show any great discrimination on the part of those who adopt such a procedure.

The foregoing remarks have been called forth by reading a short account of a native séance in Mrs. Gray's "*Fourteen Months in Canton*." Mrs. Gray is the wife of an English clergyman resident there, and I have already given in this magazine* a short account of a native séance extracted from the above named book. On pages 109-112 she narrates her further experiences as follows—

"One morning we went in our sampan to the Wong-Sha suburb to the temple of Loi-Sun-Yaong, as it is there that devotees resort to receive from Loi-Sun-Yaong communications through the medium of spiritualistic writing. . . . We were asked to walk into the reception-room, and were supplied with tea, but before we had time to drink it a monk came in to say that the devotee was impatient to ask the gods for some information he much required. We therefore went at once into the shrine, and saw the monk and the petitioner kneeling before the altar. The monk was kneeling in front of the devotee. Wax tapers were already lighted, and burning joss sticks were in the incense burners. These were gifts from the votary. Both priest and petitioner seemed very earnest in their supplications. Three minutes, perhaps, were occupied by these prayers, then both men rose from their knees.

"Our attention now became absorbed in another monk, who had before him on a table a large wooden board covered with sand. He was standing by the altar. A second monk was by his side, with pen and paper, to write down the message supposed to be delivered by the god whose image stood on the altar. A third monk joined the other two, whose duty, we learned, was to explain the message when written. As a spiritualistic language is the medium employed, it requires to be translated. This language is supposed not to be understood by the other two assistants at this strange ceremony. The chief performer now took his instrument, which was a piece of stick about a foot in length, into his hand, or rather he balanced it on his two forefingers. It resembles a long pen handle, and is made of white wood. From the centre below projects a small piece of wood which writes on the sanded board. It altogether reminded me of the planchettes, so much in fashion a few years ago in England. In a few minutes the wooden instrument began to move, as was supposed, without the help of the monk who held it. It moved up and down on the board, tracing large characters on it; and when the board was marked all over, that part of the message was transcribed on paper by the monk, the sand was shaken, and the board placed again on the table ready for the continuation of the writing. This happened three times, the petitioner looking on all the while with rapt attention. The fourth time the lightly-balanced wooden instrument refused to move, and the monk said the god had retired. When the writing was translated by the third monk, it was found to be a message for the foreigners, and not a word was addressed to the poor devotee.

* "Psychological Phenomena amongst the Chinese"—*Psychological Review*, July 1881, pp. 42.

The paper was handed to us, and was translated as follows—'The god is very much pleased that the foreigners are present; he holds communication with their god, and he knows that they have come to China on a good errand.' . . .

"Is it not difficult to come to a conclusion about it? The monk who acted the chief part did not certainly appear to move a muscle of his hand or arm. If it be a fraud wilfully committed, it seems incredible that men should give up the world and practice such deceit."

PASSING AWAY OF MR. H. D. JENCKEN.

Though Spiritualism removes the sting of death, and banishes its terror and misery, it is not in human nature to be wholly unmoved by the passing onwards of those whose names have become almost as household words amongst us, and more especially when the transition is as sudden as was that of Mr. H. D. Jencken on Saturday, Nov. 26th. I heard the news with much regret. It will be remembered that Mr. Jencken in the year 1873 married Miss Kate Fox, the medium through whom Modern Spiritual manifestations first began in America. He was a sincere spiritualist, and one of the few who publicly testified to the truth of Spiritualism at a time when such a course drew nothing but ridicule and obloquy upon the heads of those who had anything to say in its favour.

* * I beg to call special attention to the fact that the Editorial and Publishing Offices of the *PSYCHOLOGICAL REVIEW* are now located at 4 New Bridge Street, Ludgate Circus, E.C. All communications should therefore now be sent there.

J. S. FARMER.

SPIRITUALISM is, above all, a science of observation, and its conclusions are proved in a rational and natural manner, viz., by an appeal to hard and stubborn facts, the evidence of which cannot be denied. Opinions and theories may be annulled by time, but not so any fact which has once been found to be true after fair and partial examination. Thus, Spiritual phenomena having been tried and tested by thousands of individuals in all countries, the only logical conclusion at which we can arrive is, that no matter how long and strenuously they may be denied on *à priori* ground, sooner or later, they will, in spite of all opposition and ridicule, come to be universally acknowledged as true. It required but extended knowledge of natural laws to establish the truth of Galileo's proposition concerning the motion of the earth. Had he given no proof of his assertion, it might still have been disbelieved, but all denial falls before a knowledge of the principle. So it is with Spiritualism. It requires but a recognition of its absolute foundation upon facts governed by natural laws to render it capable of universal acceptance. Those who deny the possibility of spiritual phenomena are in the same false position as those who denied the motion of the earth. They pre-judge and declare them absurd, even as a belief in the Antipodes was once held in light esteem.—*A New Basis of Belief.*

MONTHLY SUMMARY
OF
CONTEMPORARY SPIRITUAL OPINION.

"LIGHT" (LONDON).

(October 29—November 19.)

It is not easy to direct attention to all that is worthy in a journal from which unimportant matter is carefully excluded. If we except, perhaps, some reports of local societies, to which disproportionate space is given, all is of interest and value.—We ventured last month on an expression of wonder as to Dr. Davey's exact position. It turns out that he *has* had some considerable opportunity of forming an opinion on the phenomena rightly called *spiritual*, and that he illogically refers them "to a decidedly physical basis." Mr. Beattie, who has known him for thirty years, says of him that he is transparently truthful, yet unable to expand. He is where he was, and has "not made one step ahead for thirty years: root-bound, as if growing in a pot." His is one of those minds in which is no niche into which these things will fit. He will get his growth hereafter.—"Student" recounts some interesting experiences respecting clairvoyant vision of what may possibly be the Nature-spirits, or Theosophical Elementals. Mrs. A. J. Penny contributes to the discussion some interesting evidence from the writings of Madame Blavatsky, Mr. Lake Harris, and J. Böhme. But it seems by no means certain that "Student" did not simply see the spirit-form of animals that had once lived here, and were waiting for re-embodiment. There would be an appreciable time before the spirit-form would be entirely dissipated, and "Student's" opened vision probably saw these evanescent spiritual entities.—"Umbra" gives a personal record of mediumship which is of great interest.—"The Apparition to Dean Donne," very imperfectly narrated in the *Argosy*, is correctly and fully reproduced from Izaak Walton's "Life of Donne," by Mr. P. P. Alexander, whose cautious comments on the occurrence are destructive, though the writer admits that, taken in conjunction with other like stories, he is "inclined to believe in the *reality* of such apparitions"—a statement which does not err on the side of excess. The evidence is overwhelming.—Mr. H. Wedgwood, who has paid great attention to the subject of Hauntings, gives an excellent account of a haunted chateau at Baden-Baden, which must be read in entirety.—Mr. R. Cooper gives valuable evidence as to the passage of matter through matter (loosely so-called): a

phenomenon of which some old Spiritualists, like Mr. Hudson Tuttle, have not yet succeeded, he says, in gaining perfect proof.—Mr. Wallis writes of the progress of Spiritualism in America: and at home the vitality of the B.N.A.S. is evidenced by an account of the most successful opening soiree that that society has ever held.—Mr. S. C. Hall reprints a challenge made many years ago to Maskelyne and Cook. He offered £50 to any charity named by them if they would duplicate in his house, under similar conditions, phenomena which he had witnessed through mediumship. It is needless to say that the challenge has never been accepted. Mr. Fowler and Mr. Hall have done good work by proving to the average intellect, *to which nothing appeals so forcibly as a challenge backed by money*, that the conjurers are merely impudent pretenders when they affect to expose Spiritualism.—“Notes by the Way” cover a large area, and treat of a variety of interesting subjects, among which we may instance Mr. Tennyson’s fine poem on “Despair,” and Mr. Fred. Myers’s estimate of George Eliot.

“THE SPIRITUALIST” (LONDON).

(October 28—November 18.)

Considerable space is given to reproducing letters on “Ghosts” from the *Daily Telegraph*: among others one from Mr. Maskelyne which is headed “Mr. Maskelyne’s Mother and Mother-in-law Mediums!” Some have credited Mr. Maskelyne himself with mediumship, and it is reported currently that his mother believed that he had some abnormal psychic power.—From the *Brightonian* is reprinted a sensational narrative of a haunted house in Brighton. By reference to our “Notes” it will be found that this very suspicious account is purely imaginative and untrue in fact.—The pretensions of the Himalayan Brothers are once more canvassed, and Mr. H. D. Jencken is invoked, “as one of the very few existing authorities,” to decide between the rival theories of Adeptship and Mediumship! A curious narrative is reprinted from a native journal, the *Amritza Bazar Patrika*, which makes for the existence of these mysterious beings.—Mrs. Showers treats of Spiritualism Ancient and Modern; Mr. Otley, of Apparitions; and Signor Rondi of the marriage of one whom many will recognise in “Prince G. de S.,” which marriage, he says, was foretold by spirits. The details are very curious, and point to prevision on the part of the spirits.—Lord Derby seems to have committed himself to a hasty opinion on Spiritualism according to the *Liverpool Daily Post* of October 27th. This is the more to be regretted, as he is a man of cautious mind,

whose considered expressions possess deserved weight. But then he generally writes and speaks on subjects of which he knows something: of what is vaguely called Spiritualism, which may mean almost anything psychical, he knows nothing.

"THE MEDIUM" (LONDON).

(October 28—November 18.)

Four discourses are given this month: one a sermon by the Rev. C. Ware, preached at Plymouth, thoughtful, earnest, and good, on "The power of spirits disembodied over men in the flesh": another, an alleged control of Mrs. Richmond by the spirit of President Garfield: a third, by Mr. Howell of Manchester, on "Man and his relationship to God," which repays perusal: and the last by Mr. Iver M'Donnell on "Original sin." Viewed as methods of public instruction all contrast favourably with ordinary pulpit utterances.—A. J. C. writes from Lucerne on the Church Congress. As a vegetarian and teetotaler he is glad that those subjects were noticed by Dr. Thornton, though he naturally smiles at the idea that they are inseparably connected with Spiritualism.—Mr. Fowler's challenge to conjurers leads the Editor to make some very pertinent and proper strictures on the unholy alliance between the Church and conjurers, such as was seen at Liverpool when Bishop Ryle presided over and sanctioned the performances of a professional exposé.—J. K. writes very intemperately on the Adeptship of Jesus Christ, and draws upon him a merited Editorial rebuke. Adept or no adept, he manifestly has not reached the philosophic calm that characterises true knowledge. Such disquisitions are regrettable from every point of view.—Two more sermons: one by Mr. Ware and the other by Archdeacon Colley, complete the supply of spiritual teaching.

"THE HERALD OF PROGRESS" (NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE).

(October 28—November 18.)

Trance addresses through Mr. Wright deal with such questions as "How do spirits control trance-mediums," "Philosophical Spiritualism," and "The morality of Spiritualism." "Harry Tarleton, a story founded on facts familiar to Spiritualists," is continued, but at such long intervals that the thread is lost.—A. T. T. P., we much regret to find, has been disabled for two months by successive attacks of gout. He returns to his work in the number for November 11.—Some facts as to the weight of materialised forms are given. Here is a sample. Miss Wood was secured within the cabinet by

two strangers. She weighs 102lbs. The "form" appeared "in good light," touched two of the sitters, and was weighed four separate times—34, 46, 11, and 7 pounds being the result. —There is not in the present month much matter of permanent value, and there is, we regret to see, some which we could have wished absent. We hope the day of angry recrimination is giving way to one in which, if we cannot all agree to work side by side, we may each concern ourselves with our own special business, and do it to the best of our power and knowledge.

"THE TWO WORLDS" (NEW YORK, U.S.A.)

(Oct. 15—Nov. 5.)

The Two Worlds gives space to a criticism, from the *Indianapolis Journal*, on "Spiritualism and its Pretensions," which is characterised by an attempt on the part of the writer to treat fairly a subject of which he is manifestly ignorant. That he fails is a matter of course; and the editorial reply is at once courteous and complete.—"The Church Congress" occupies attention; and the editor's remarks are well worthy of perusal. He concludes that, "notwithstanding his mistakes and misapprehensions, Dr. Thornton has done the cause of spiritual truth a most signal service in thus presenting it for discussion." That is so.—Full evidence is given of the fact that President Lincoln lived in the practice of Spirit-communication, and was a Spiritualist.—Dr. Crowell narrates an interesting case of Spirit-identity, in a communication made to him from a sister, who had left the earth but a week, through a medium who was perfectly ignorant of her decease.—An account is given of a reception to Dr. Monck, at the residence of Mr. H. J. Newton, New York. The genial and kindly Prince de Solms wrote as he would write of any one who had suffered; but the letters presented to the meeting were in some cases, at least, not written for that purpose, and referred to a time long antecedent to the present, and to circumstances specially had in view in writing. This may lead to misconception, if we may judge by the report.

"THE BANNER OF LIGHT" (BOSTON, U.S.A.)

(Oct. 15—Nov. 5.)

We approach the massive pages of *The Banner* with admiration, but with an utter sense of inability to do any justice to their contents. We can but give a general tribute of praise,

and direct special attention to some among many good things. —Dr. Ditson's "Reviews of Foreign Spiritual Journals," are as good as ever. —W. J. Colville and Mrs. Richmond afford, as usual, instructive and eloquent teaching to the readers of *The Banner*. The enterprise that provides so much intellectual pabulum is most commendable. —Various striking narratives of the "Presentation and Recognition of Materialised Forms" are given. The cumulative testimony, making every allowance for possible mistake, enthusiastic exaggeration, and imperfect conditions of observation, is very strong. —The account of the phenomena in Philadelphia, through the mediumship of a young man, named Ackerly, of 1128 Vine Street, is eminently worth attention. "Hands are materialised in full gaslight, and these hands write messages for those who desire them, they holding the paper while the message is being written." It is phenomena of this kind that we so much desiderate. —The editor at large continues his useful work; and the "Message Department" is as provocative of wonder as ever.

"RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL" (CHICAGO, U.S.A.)

(Oct. 8—Oct. 29.)

The *Journal* also devotes considerable space to the doings of the Church Congress. —"The Historical Building Material of the Religion of the Future," translated from the German of Dr. Hartmann, by Hudson Tuttle and J. A. Heinsohn, is full of matter; and whether the reader agrees or not in the conclusions arrived at, he will find plenty of material for thought, if his antecedent training fits him to assimilate it. Such essays are of unquestionable value. —Jesse Shepard's curious discourses, which Mr. Kiddle is sending to the *Chicago Times*, are reproduced. They hardly merit it, though they are, considering the alleged method of their deliverance, singular psychological studies. —Another essay from the German, "The Accepted Return of the Dead," is translated by Dr. Bloede, and written by an Austrian, Baron Hellenbach, who is an exponent of the philosophy of Kant. It is elaborate, and repays perusal, though it does not yield to condensation. —"Burial Reform" is well handled by A. C. Bristol. It is a subject that Spiritualists may well take up. —W. Emmett Coleman writes with his usual vigour, and assaults Dr. Peebles for his views on the connection between Krishna and Christ. Mr. Coleman, we are glad to see, has in preparation a work on the subject. The four numbers are fully up to the average.

"THE THEOSOPHIST" (BOMBAY).

(October.)

Mr. C. C. Massey, having been appealed to by the editor, answers some questions on astrology in a way that shows his growing belief in the facts underlying that somewhat *bizarre* subject, which we know of chiefly through Zadkiel. He would agree, we suppose, in our opinion that astrology is associated with much that is both absurd and reprehensible; but would maintain that there is truth at the bottom of it. He has the advantage of having studied the subject.—J. K. falls in with a very sharp handling from the editor for his arrogant and foolish criticisms. He has caused considerable irritation against the journal which first published his strictures: a feeling to which Baron J. Spadaliéri gives forcible expression, in a letter dated from Marseilles. The Baron sends some "Thoughts on Death and Satan," from unpublished MSS. of the late Eliphas Levi. These, with the editor's comments, are worth attention.—The prominent paper, however, is one headed "Fragments of Occult Truth." It is, we are informed, an authoritative statement, carefully elaborated, and cautiously worded, of the standpoint occupied by the Theosophists. If, as we believe, we may assume it to possess the *imprimatur* of the Lodge under whom the Theosophical Society is working, and whose opinions it is charged to express, we must abandon any hope of harmonising Theosophy with Spiritualism. It is sufficient to quote one sentence:—"Occultists maintain that no spirits of the departed can appear or take part in the phenomena of séance-rooms." *Voilà tout.*

"HARBINGER OF LIGHT."

(September.)

Mr. Terry gives some direct and valuable testimony respecting the séances held under his direction for form-manifestation through the mediumship of Mr. Spriggs. He has been present at fifty séances at least, and has personally recognised friends—"One, whom I had known intimately in the body, I recognised distinctly, without any intimation being given as to who she was, and without any previous expectation of seeing her." His testimony is confirmed by Mr. J. Carson, who adds that "an old spirit-friend, whose acquaintance he made through Miss Fairlamb in Newcastle and Edinburgh, renews his acquaintance through Mr. Spriggs" at the Antipodes. The account of the weighing experiments

is continued, the results being similar to those noticed by us before. The "forms" again varied in height from 3ft. 11½ in. to 5ft. 8in., and from 139lbs. to 101lbs., or a range of 38lbs. in the course of a few minutes. The "form" of Peter passed through the circle to the outside of the room three several times, and opened a second door. This would involve a considerable separation from the medium. On one occasion he led Mr. Carson within the cabinet and placed his hand on the medium's shoulder. If the light is good, the evidence given is useful.—An appreciative notice of Mr. Sinnett's "Occult World," extols Koot Hoomi's letters as deeply philosophical, furnishing pabulum for the minds of spiritual thinkers, and giving a clearer insight into the merits and working of Theosophy and its relation to the higher Spiritualism than anything we have met with before.

"LE REVUE SPIRITE,"

Journal d'Etudes, Psychologiques, Moniteur de la Pneumatologie Universelle.

(September and October, 1881.)

The *Revue Spirite* for September opens with an account of the trial before the courts of the Emile Bourdin legacy. The validity of this being proved and admitted, the editor entreates his readers to remember that a few years ago certain tribunals decided that "Spiritualists, being in a condition of hallucination, are unfit to testify; inasmuch as they are not responsible for their acts."—From Besançon we read that in a village of the Belfort district, the members of a family have been attacked in succession by a chronic form of hallucination, manifesting itself by eccentricities similar to those which, in the middle ages, characterised the convulsionaries of St. Medard; a detailed account of which may be found in Mathieu's *Maladies des femmes*. The reporter evidently attributes these phenomena to some form of possession.—The same number of the *Revue Spirite* contains an account of an apparition at St. Miguel de Allende, in Mexico, in 1869. This, however, requires no special comment.—M. Alexandre Vincent, of Angoulins (Charente Inferieure), under the heading, "Vue d' un Redoublement Fluidique"—fluidic reduplication, states that on Friday, 6th May, 1881, his wife visited a neighbour dying of consumption. The patient, after a violent fit of coughing, fell asleep. After the lapse of a few minutes, Mdle. Vincent perceived above the sick woman a kind of cloud, in the midst of which the features of the patient gradually became discernible. Mdle. Vincent noticed that while the face

of the sick woman appeared contracted and the eyes closed, that of the apparition smiled. After some minutes the patient started, awoke suddenly, and the smiling countenance of the apparition was reflected in her own; while, at the same time, the fluid form disappeared.—Under the title of “Studies of New Natural Facts,” M. Cahagnet in this and the succeeding number (October) of the *Revue Spirite* passes in review the whole series of spiritual manifestations now so familiar to the frequenters of séances; laying considerable stress on the experience of Mr. W. Crookes with Miss F. Cook. He states, likewise, that about thirty years ago he was acquainted with a member of a circle of Theosophists, who, while experimenting upon a powerful medium, had at his table a spirit invisible to himself, for the space of seven months. The plate placed for him was gradually emptied of its contents, as was the glass full of liquid at its side, without its being possible to discover what had become of them. This, by-the-bye, is in accord with certain experiences related to the writer of these notes by the late Samuel Guppy. After describing at length some startling—they might truly be called alarming—phenomena occurring in the presence of this medium, to what he designates as the group of alchemists engaged in investigating her powers, he concludes thus:—“By these facts we find ourselves face to face with a property of matter—its power of immediate solution and reconstruction—hitherto unrecognised, and in the presence of certain human faculties which, when thoroughly established, will require classification. These facts, consequently, and many others of a similar character, occurring to satiety for many years past, may fairly be considered as naturalised amongst us, and should unite scientists of unprejudiced views—query, are there such?—to study rather than to deny them. We ourselves know that they can only be explained by admitting the existence of a supremely intelligent force which directs them; an admission repugnant to those who refuse to meddle with psychology or metaphysics.”—M. Leymarie himself, under the title of “Travels of a Spiritualist in the South of France,” gives an interesting account of his visit to the Spiritualists of Beziers, Meze, Cette, Montpellier, Toulouse, and other towns of that district. At all these he would appear to have been cordially welcomed, and now proposes to turn his steps in the direction of Brussels, Ostend, and Charleroi; apparently for the purpose of reconciling certain differences of opinion which have sprung up in these towns—a by no means unlikely occurrence, as we, in this country, know but too well.

"LE MESSENGER DE LIEGE."

(September and October, 1881.)

The September number of this paper opens with an article entitled "The Science of God," by an anonymous writer, whose object would appear to be to protest against the prevalent atheism of so many of his countrymen. This is followed by the eighteenth number of a paper headed "God and Creation," after which Dr. Walm resumes his articles on "Spiritism in Antiquity and Modern Times." The writer here treats of Zoroaster and his religious views, of Monotheism, Modern Hindoos, China, Lao-tsen, and Confucius. Quoting M. de Jancigny he says, that "Contrary to the civilisation of Babylon, Assyria, Egypt, Greece, Rome, and even of China, which is undergoing a slow process of disorganisation, Hindoo civilisation, built upon the rock of revelation, and based upon institutions of marvellous aptitude and prescience, has resisted the influence of time, has sustained the shock of revolution and conquest, and has constantly repelled the withering influence of foreign belief and practice. While other people have drawn from its divine sources of poetry and philosophy, it has sought nothing of them." Further on, speaking of English Dominion in India, he quotes M. Jancigny, who says, "Let the English in India remain Christians, but let their moral and intellectual influence be in future directed to benevolence. . . . The duty of a wise government will be not only to respect the character and habits of the Hindoos, but to make them serve for the regeneration of the masses, by showing the natives that the fundamental basis of their institutions, and the primitive and real meaning of their own religious dogmas, at present ignored and misunderstood even by the majority of themselves, are in harmony with the fundamental beliefs which govern the great nations of the West." Again, quoting M. de Jancigny, he finds in his work proofs that monotheism is not a Jewish invention; and that moreover, according to this writer, the Christian nations of the West should learn that their ecclesiastical missionaries have absolutely no sphere in India for the exercise of their vocation. The views of M. de Jancigny are corroborated by M. Jacolliot in a remarkable chapter entitled "*Inutility and powerlessness of the Christian Missionary in India*" (Jacolliot. "The Bible in India").—In the next number of the *Messenger*, Dr. Walm considers the maxims left by Confucius, and, amongst others, that which inculcates the doing to others as we would they should do unto us—a principle which is supposed to have originated with the Christ, but which had really existed 550

years before his birth. After quoting extracts from the Jesuit Ricci, who died at Peking in 1610, he says, "It seems sufficiently established by these quotations,—space for which cannot be found here,—as well as by extracts from canonical Chinese documents, antedating our era by thousands of years, that China has had no need of missionaries to convert it to a spiritualistic belief which it had long professed; and that in relation to the immortality of the soul, it has been in advance of the Hebrews; that attribute never having been mentioned by Moses. We also see by these quotations from the writings of Confucius that a moral code, in every way equal to that of Christianity, was preached to this populous nation more than five hundred years before Christ."

"DE ROTS" (OSTEND).

(October and November, 1881.)

We are sorry to see that some critical observations of ours have drawn from our estimable brother, M. Maricot, a rejoinder, the tone of which, while we do not seriously object to it, is still one which, desiring as we do to recognise the full merit of our contemporary, we do not wish to imitate. We disclaim altogether any affectation of superior wisdom, any desire to dictate methods of conduct. We wish least of all to set nationality against nationality, and we take leave of M. Maricot with the full admission that when he writes without the provocation which we regret unconsciously to have administered, he is an admirable exponent of the views which, whether French or Flemish, he expresses and enforces.

WHATEVER may be the date or the character of the myths of India, Christ is no mythical, but an absolute and altogether historical personage. His history stands in plainest terms in the book which is as much the matter-of-fact history of the Jews as the history of England is of the English. It is not the fable of a fabled people. That people exists amongst us and the other modern nations to-day; it exists in fulfilment of the same age-long chain of prophecies which foretold and attested Christ. On every page of that history, from its first to its last, stands the declarations of the coming of Christ; and when he did come it was no obscure or mythical age, but in a comparatively modern period, amid the blaze of Greek and Roman civilisation, which attest, in fullest evidence, his life, death, and eternal doctrines.—WM. HOWITT.

BELIEF IN APPARITIONS.

BY JANE H. DOUGLAS.

WHETHER we follow the track of explorers through the mists of primeval times, or attend to accounts of trustworthy travellers in the present day, we constantly find proof that uncivilised man, witless of theories of "expectant attention," "subjective representation," etc., etc., believed and believes that the dead return to earth. The vivid thoroughness of this belief, and the remoteness of its source from any fond longings for re-union with the departed, is shown by the endeavours made to keep them off; as is well known, food, weapons, all that they are supposed to require in their new abode, being placed on their tombs, that they may have no motive for returning to the living, and may not revenge themselves for neglect. To this custom Professor Max-Müller traces a form widely spread—the most ancient of all forms of the devotional sentiment—ancestral worship, which, as he remarks, implies that which is one of the life-springs of religion—belief in the immortality of the soul.

Mr. Tylor has also shown, by an immense mass of evidence, that a belief in an immaterial body, independent of the outward, is universal among savages; who give as the reason for their belief, the unanswerable one, as to their untrained minds it appears, that the dead re-visit them. The opinion arrived at on this head by Mr. Tylor, is that the belief of civilised races in a future life is inherited from their savage ancestors—is derived from the primitive belief in ghosts. Though thus struck not only with the wide prevalence and the antiquity of the belief in apparitions of the dead, but with its immense influence on mankind, as the starting point of belief in the immortality of the soul, to neither philosopher, of course, does the idea suggest itself for a moment that it may have a basis in reality: modern habits of thought forbid such a surmise.

Doubtless had belief in apparitions been confined to primeval times, importance could not be attached to it, and we should be simply driven to the conclusion that a potent factor in the mental development of mankind, was but a delusion of the savage mind; but so far from its having been confined to early times, we find it prevailing all through the ancient civilisations, all through centuries after the revival of learning—not in the guise of traditions, but founded on what some regarded as ever-recurring facts. True, in the 17th century it received a check, which, coinciding with the rise of the experimental philosophy, tells at first sight with force against its claim to rest upon fact; but it may be answered that its decline from

that period may well have been a reaction against excessive credulity, which, as reactions are prone to do, swung opinion too far in the opposite direction. When the current set in strongly towards study of the phenomena of nature, men rose to ascendancy, who, in their semi-enlightenment and zeal for the doctrine of uniform law, rejected summarily all reported facts seemingly at variance with known law, branding belief in them as superstition; while Fashion, captivated with "The New Philosophy," as the Baconian was then called, turned away from things on which that philosophy frowned. Yet still in the cold shade the strange averred facts ceased not to crop up, and even in the last century to receive credence from the highest minds. Addison and Dr. Johnson believed in ghosts. The former gave it as his opinion that a person who was terrified with imaginations of ghosts and spectres is much more reasonable than one who, contrary to the reports of all historians—sacred and profane, ancient and modern—and to the traditions of all nations, thinks the appearance of spirits fabulous and groundless. "Could not I," he goes on to say, "give myself up to this general testimony of mankind, I should to the relations of particular persons who are now living, and whom I cannot distrust in other matters of fact. I might here add, that not only the historians, to whom we may join the poets, but likewise the philosophers of antiquity have favoured this opinion. Lucretius himself, though by the course of his philosophy he was obliged to maintain that the soul did not exist separate from the body, makes no doubt of the reality of apparitions, and that men have often appeared after their death. This I think very remarkable—he was so pressed with the matter of fact, which he could not have the confidence to deny, that he was forced to account for it by one of the most absurd, unphilosophical notions that ever was started. He tells us that the surfaces of all bodies are perpetually flying off from their respective bodies, one after another; and that those surfaces, or these cases, that included each other whilst they were joined in the body, like the coats of an onion, are sometimes seen entire when separated from it, by which means we often behold the shapes and shadows of persons who are either dead or absent."

The utterances of Johnson on the subject of apparitions of the dead are emphatic—that, for instance, addressed with "solemn vehemence," to Miss Seward:—"Madam, this is the most important question which can come before the human understanding." And, again:—"That the dead are seen no more I will not undertake to maintain against the concurrent testimony of all ages and all nations. There is no people

among whom apparitions of the dead are not related and believed. This opinion, which prevails as far as human nature is diffused, could become universal only by its truth." Notwithstanding all this, the majority of mankind will probably remain incredulous as to the reality of apparitions unless fresh evidence in support of it, differing in kind from that which has been adduced, should arise. Such evidence may perhaps be hoped for. Is it improbable that some great discovery, somehow unimagined means, may in the future demonstrate that the departed can and do return at times to earth, to the gladness of numbers whose hope of a future life is well nigh or wholly gone, and who are not more reconciled to annihilation on hearing it dubbed "posthumous activity," or even "coming incorporation with the glorious future of our race." Those, indeed, who aspire to take their place among the chosen few—among the sceptred spirits of the past—whose sway is still over the mind of men, may find some consolation for the extinction of existence in the idea that their genius and their labours will beneficially influence future generations; but for the generality of men and women there is no consolation.

Many there are to whom the idea of annihilation is grievous; not by any means merely from the love of life, but because they feel that if all is to end in the grave, life becomes sadly wanting in interest and dignity, in stimulus to self-discipline and culture, to effort, too, to help on that glorious future of humanity in which they may believe as much as Mr. Harrison, though they may think it but a poor thing for the ephemeral beings who are to enjoy it, in comparison with an eternity of progress through an ascending series of spheres.

UNION OF FRIENDS.—The following beautiful passage will be found in the "Fruits of Solitude in Reflections relating to the conduct of Human Life," a little book by the illustrious William Penn, a volume known to few readers; worthy, however, to be re-printed in letters of gold, so full is it of high-soul spirit, pure moral insight, and the wisdom of goodness.

"They that love beyond the world cannot be separated by it. Death cannot kill what never dies.

"Nor can spirits ever be divided that love and live in the same divine principle, the root and record of their friendship.

"If absence be not death, neither is theirs.

"Death is but crossing the world as friends do the seas; they live in one another still.

"For they must needs be present that love and live in that which is omnipresent.

"In this divine glass they see face to face; and their converse is free as well as pure.

"This is the comfort of friends, that though they be said to die, yet their friendship and society are, in the best sense, ever present, because immortal."

THE MINISTRY OF SPIRITS.

SCARCELY any—if any—Christian man will deny what the Bible throughout so unmistakeably testifies—*i.e.*, that good spirits are present with us, as God's agents, ministering to our wants, and preserving us from many evils. . . . Is not, in truth, a great part of the ministry of good spirits—angels—to help us against evil ones? As old Spenser poetically but truthfully moralises—

“How oft their silver bowers do angels leave,
To come to succour us that succour want?
How oft do they with golden pinions cleave
The flitting skies, like flying pursuivant,
Against foul fiends to aid us militant?
They for us fight; they watch and duly ward,
And their bright squadrons round about us plant.
And all for love, and nothing for reward!
O, why should heavenly God to men have such regard?”

If both good spirits and bad are thus present,—if “all the regions of nature,” as Addison believed, “are swarming with spirits;” if, as that good and laborious man, the Rev. George Townsend, Canon of Durham, believes, “the world of spirits is around us, and the death of the body is only the breaking of the bars of the dungeon which separates our own souls from the perception of their unmanifested presence”—if this be really so, then the dispute with the “Spiritualists” is brought within a very narrow compass—*i.e.*, is “the death of the body” indispensable to our perception of spirit presences? That it was not always so, numerous Bible narratives testify. That it is not so now, I know; and what *I* know thousands and hundreds of thousands, all over the world, know, also.

People rub their eyes and pause—if, indeed, they do not wax too indignant to pause—upon reading such things as these; as if they involved the enunciation of something new or heretical. But people who call themselves Christians should know that it has been the doctrine of the Church in all ages—Jewish and Christian, and has been, besides, the belief of devout men everywhere, and in all times. “This doctrine,” writes Archbishop Tillotson, “is not a peculiar doctrine of the Jewish or the Christian religion, but the general doctrine of *all* Religions that ever were; and, therefore, cannot be objected to by any but Atheists.” In like manner John Wesley entered his “solemn protest” against the giving up of a belief in this doctrine, to do which was to be “in opposition not only to the Bible, but to the suffrages of the wisest and best of men in all ages and nations.”—*Tabooed Topics*, by WM. CARPENTER.

A KNOCKING GHOST NEAR NOTTINGHAM, IN 1837,
LEADS TO THE DISCOVERY OF A MURDER.

By A. M. HOWITT-WATTS.

A FRIEND of the writer, in the spring of 1869, stopping at the "Isaak Walton" Inn, in Dovedale, Derbyshire, made the acquaintance of a gentleman—name unknown—who was also stopping there. They conversed on various matters, and, amongst other things, the gentleman related to our friend the following curious history:—

He (the gentleman, whom we will call Mr. S.) possessed in the neighbourhood of Nottingham, in the year 1837, a small house, about seven miles from that town. It was inhabited by a man (most probably he was a stockinger) who bore a very indifferent character. He had a very queer old witch-like wife. This wife was somewhat older than her husband, and died before him. After her death, the man soon again married. This wife was a youngish woman. When she married she was stout and healthy in appearance. Gradually, however, a great change came over her; she became melancholy, and wasted away, and had every appearance of having something upon her mind. In the cottage in which these people lived, it was reported that strange and unaccountable knockings were heard, and numbers of people used to flock to the cottage to hear them. The gentleman to whom the cottage belonged thought that these "knockings" were "all stuff and nonsense," and went to the place intending to put an end to the whole story by proving it all folly. He found various neighbours collected in the cottage awaiting the mysterious sounds which were heard to proceed from an outside shutter to one of the windows, and always at one certain hour in the night. Snow lay outside the house. He went into the cottage and waited with the other people, and assuredly at the hour as usual, these same mysterious "knockings" came upon the shutters as from the outside. The gentleman examined the inside and the outside of the shutters, and carefully looked about everywhere endeavouring to discover traces of collusion; but nothing could he anywhere discover which led him to suspect fraud on the part of any person. He was much struck by the fact, *that upon the snow no footprints were to be found near the shutters, upon the outside of which the sounds had been made, as with some heavy substance striking upon it.* The next night he determined to watch from the outside of the house, and see whether he could discover anything by that

means. He communicated his design to no one, but took up his station in a little wood close to the house, from whence he could obtain a clear view of this mysterious shutter, and where he himself was entirely concealed. Here he waited, and in due course he could hear the blows as usual fall upon the shutter, but no human being met his view—all appeared quiet around the house. He became still more surprised and interested in the matter, and the idea occurred to him to have a *false* shutter made of brown paper, and placed over the real shutter, but in such a clever fashion as that it should entirely deceive the eye. In order to have this done, he consulted with a carpenter, who undertook to fix up this brown paper-shutter as he wished, and, indeed, quite cleverly accomplished his task. The idea was this: that if the blows were *material* blows, and made by a material object, as a stick or stone, the paper must be burst by the blow. Again the gentleman concealed himself in the wood, and carefully watched. Again all was tranquil about the outside of the cottage, but nevertheless the mysterious sounds made themselves audible at the usual hour. The gentleman examined the paper-shutter—it was found to be *intact*! After this he was inclined to believe that the sounds must have some supernatural origin. Numbers of persons still continued to visit the cottage from Nottingham and its neighbourhood.

After a little while the old man fell very ill. During his illness he appeared to be in such great distress of mind, used such frightful language, and appeared a prey to such strange terror, that his wife, greatly alarmed, at length fled away from his bedside into the house of a neighbour. Nothing would persuade her to return to her dying husband. After his death, some one said to her, "I tell you what, all the misery comes from you having married a murderer!" Upon this the poor woman burst into tears, and confessed that something certainly very terrible had lain upon the conscience of her husband. She added that each night he was accustomed to start up in his bed, and, in a state of intense horror, indicate the presence of some invisible being who filled him with these fits of frenzy, as if from drink. It was then recollected that his former wife, in a fit of passion, had once been heard to say to her husband—"I've got your coat-of-arms, which would hang you any day!" Then, first one thing and then another was recalled by the neighbours and people who had known the dead man. He was remembered some years back to have exhibited a very good watch, which he said "had been left him by his uncle;" but of this uncle no one ever remembered to have heard him previously speak. It was remembered also how unaccount-

ably well-dressed certain of his near relations had been just about this very time. Also a man, living in a cottage in the depths of the wood, related that one night he was awakened suddenly out of sleep by an impression that something dreadful was going on in the wood, and that he ought to get up and see what that might be. He resisted the impression at first, but it still remaining, he did rise and go into the wood. After wandering here and there for sometime, he at length in the distance perceived a glimmer of light. He followed the direction in which he perceived it, and arrived at the cottage, which was, later on, haunted. In the garden he beheld the old man busy digging with a light beside him.

"What are you about?" he asked.

"I am busy with my onion-bed," was the reply.

This at the time seemed curious; still, nothing beyond the fact of the old man being at work in the middle of the night was observed.

This digging in the onion-bed in the middle of the night, however, now began to assume an aspect of importance—it became very suggestive.

Also, it was remembered that a certain Scotch pedlar—who had been in the habit of regularly visiting this district for years, and with whom the cottagers carried on business, and had a running account—was missing. Month after month had gone on, year after year, no inquiry had ever been made after the money owing to him—no one had heard any news of him—all traces of him were lost. Thus things having gradually been put together in the minds of the people, an inquiry was officially set on foot, and one of the first things done was to dig up the old man's garden. Near to his former onion-bed, close to a little stream, the body of a headless man was discovered. It was buried in such a manner that the stream flowed over it. The head, however, was nowhere to be found.

The belief thus fully established itself, that this was the body of the missing pedlar, and that the mysterious knockings upon the shutters, and the terror of the old man, had been occasioned by the nocturnal visits of the murdered man.

A friend of the writer, born in Nottingham, and resident there, as a child in 1837, remembers, she says, that about that time a haunted cottage at Burton Joyce, a village within a few miles of the town, was much spoken of. She believes that this account has reference to the Burton Joyce hauntings, and suggests that most probably accounts of these knockings might be found upon reference to the local newspapers of that day.

INDIAN SUPERNATURALISM.

BY ARTHUR LILLIE.

Author of "Buddha and Early Buddhism," etc., etc.

ATTENTION has of late been directed to the supernaturalism of India, and the question to what assisting agency supersensual phenomena in the opinion of Asiatics are due. Are the many marvels, recorded in their books, accredited to spirits that have once been mortals, or spirits that have never been mortals? Does the sensitive operate by his own will power, or by the power of some other living mortal? Does Brahma in person assist, or Buddha? I have been asked if I can throw any light upon these questions, and will write down a few hasty notes. I must premise that my only authorities are the ancient books of India.

The religion of Rig Veda, like most early creeds, sprung from what is termed ancestor worship. The sun-god, the active and anthropomorphic god, as distinguished from the formless and passive Brahm, is identified in more than one hymn with Yama and with Manu, two names for the Indian Adam. This circumstance tends to show that what Tiele calls the polydemonism, the worship of tree spirits, fountain spirits, cloud spirits, etc., was an after-growth of the earlier faith. I will first of all describe the simple rites of this ancestor worship. They are called the *Srāddha*, and are still the chief rites of the Brahmins. They were probably practised in the same form three thousand years ago, before our ancestors, the western Aryas, left the parent stock.

After smearing the ground with cow dung, the presiding Brahmin raises a square altar of sand one or two fingers high, and about a span in each direction. He washes his hands and feet, sips water, and puts a ring of *Kusa* grass on the ring finger of his hand. He sits down on a blade of *Kusa* grass, lights a lamp, recites a prayer or two, and sprinkles holy water on the assembled worshippers. He then invites the gods and manes of ancestors to the feast.

Two little cushions of *Kusa* grass are placed near the altar for the gods, and six in front of it for the ancestors. Each cushion consists of three blades of grass folded up. Barley and oblations of water in little vessels of leaves are offered. *Kusa* grass is put into each vessel, and water sprinkled on it. In the vessels intended for the ancestors *Sesamum Indicum* is added. I quote some of the invocations made use of:

"Eagerly do thou (oh fire) call our willing ancestors to taste our oblation. May our progenitors who eat the moon plant,

who are sanctified by holy fires, come by paths along which gods travel. Satisfied with ancestral food at this solemn sacrifice, may they applaud and guard us."

"Thou art barley sacred to *Soma*. Framed by the divinity thou dost produce celestial bliss. Mixt with water may'st thou long satisfy with nourishment my several progenitors, whose mouths are full of blessing!"

"May the demons and giants who sit in this consecrated spot be dispersed!"

Passing from the present to very old times, I will cite portions of one of the hymns of the *Rig Veda*. It is addressed to Agni, the God of Fire, on the occasion of a funeral.

"Full of pious wishes we place thee on the hearth and light thy fires. Accept our offerings, and bring the ancestors eager as thou to consume them.

"Burn not this corpse. Tear not his skin, his body, oh Jâtavedas (Agni)! Surround him with the ancestors. He comes to obtain the (subtile) body which will transport his soul. Give to the water, and trees, and heaven, and earth that of his body which belongs to them.

"But there is in him an immortal portion. Light up that with thy rays, and warm it with thy fires. Oh Jâtavedas! in the favoured body formed by thee, transport him to the world of the saints.

"Oh Agni, let him descend again amongst the ancestors. Let him return in the midst of invocations and offerings." *

Here is another hymn, addressed to Yama, at first the Indian Adam, and afterwards the Indian Pluto.

"Yama, place thyself on the altar of the sacrifice with the ancestors. King, let the prayers of the saints summon thee. Accept our sacrifice.

"Come, Yama, with the honourable *Angirases* (Seven Great Saints). Seated on the sacred grass I invoke Vivaswan.

"We have amidst our ancestors the Angirases, the Navagwas, the Atharwans, the Somyas; may we obtain their favour, their benign protection! Oh dead man (the corpse), come to us! Come by the ancient roads that our fathers have traversed before thee. Behold these two kings, Yama and the divine *Varuna* (God the Father), who rejoice in our oblations.

"Come with the Ancestors. Come with Yama to this altar which our piety has dressed. Thou hast cast off all impurity. Come to this domain and don a body of brilliance.

"Oh Ancestors, disperse! Go every one to his own side. A place has been set apart for the departed one. Yama permits

* R. V. vi. Hymn xi.

him to come down and enjoy our libations morning and night.

"Give our libation to Yama with Agni as a messenger. Offer to Yama a holocaust sweet as honey.

"Honour to the First Ones, the Ancient Rishis who have shown us the way." *

From the second hymn it is plain that the two foremost cushions of grass were placed for Varuṇa and Yama. These with the water, Aditi's symbol, would make up the Vedic trinity in unity. Varuṇa, God the Father, Aditi, the Universal Mother, and Yama, the "Son of Man" and "Son of God," the Agni, the Indra, the active ruler of the Kosmos. It is plain also from these hymns and rites that dead mortals were deemed to be the protectors of the living, to be able to disperse wicked spirits and giants, to be able to hold communion and eat and drink with their surviving relatives. The polydæmonism was an after-idea. Indeed, the gods and hobgoblins were in reality only created for the vulgar. A fine hymn in the Rīg Veda states that the various deities of the Hindoo pantheon are in fact One God under many names.

"They have styled him (the sun) Indra, Mitra, Varuṇa, Agni, and he is the celestial well winged Garutmat; † for learned priests call one by many names as they speak of Agni, Yama, Mātariśwan." ‡

Turning to the ritual of Buddhism we get to more debatable ground, for our scholars, trusting to the mere words of a much interpolated literature, and not to that literature as interpreted by the evidence of ancient inscriptions, monuments, ritual, symbolism, etc., have pronounced that Buddha's religion was an atheism and agnosticism. I have dealt with the question in my work "Buddha and Early Buddhism," but my opposing arguments are too long to be repeated here.

I will turn at once to an instructive litany. The title of the Chinese version of this is called by Remusat "The Praises of the Seven Buddhas," Buddhism having taken over from the previous Vedic religion the idea of the Seven Rishis, or Seven Great Saints. The title of the Tibetan version, as given by Schlagintweit in his "Buddhism in Tibet," is the "Buddhas of Confession." Here not only the Seven Great Saints are invoked, but a number of minor saints likewise. In fact, if this saint worship can be carried back to archaic Buddhism it is very plain that that creed started with the pure Ancestor worship of the previous Vedism. I cannot go very deeply into this question in a short essay; but I can furnish one very

* R. V. vi. Hymn ix.

† Or Garuda, the sun imaged as a bird.

‡ R. V. ii. 164, 46.

strong piece of evidence in favour of the antiquity of this Buddhist Saint worship, that has only lately been brought to light. If any reader chooses to go to the British Museum he will see certain marbles that once constituted what is called the Amrāvati Tope, an ancient temple of the Buddhists, erected in India about the third century of the Christian era. On one of these slabs—it is to be found in a room at the top of the main staircase—is sculptured a throne, above which stands a tree. Figures in marble are represented as adoring the empty throne; and above in the air a spirit is seen descending. These empty thrones, each with a tree near it, are represented in other Buddhist temples, and notably in the Bharhut Stûpa, a temple erected about 300 B.C. This temple has recently been recovered from the dust and ruin in which it was lying, and this valuable piece of evidence has been furnished. Above each throne, incised in Pâli, are announcements that one throne is the throne of Kanaka Muni, another the throne of Kâsyapa, and so on. The thrones in fact are the thrones of the Seven Great Buddhas; and from time immemorial it has been the custom of the worshipper to visit these seven shrines of the Buddhas and offer rice and water flavoured with Sesamum Indicum at each. Has not a Roman Catholic church its stations? It is to be observed also that in the litany, *Litanie de SS. Angelis*, seven beings are addressed, the three Persons of the Trinity, the Virgin Mary, and the Saints Michael, Gabriel, and Raphael.

The Saints in the Tibetan work are fifty-one in number, and are said to have "all come the same way," that is, through earth-life to enfranchisement. They are said also to be dwelling in various "saint regions," Sukhâvat (the Buddhist paradise), the Region Padmo, etc. As in the Catholic calendar each saint also has special duties mapped out.

"I adore the Buddha (Saint) Kar-rgyal. Once uttering this name shall purify from all sins committed by polluting oneself with sacred riches."

"I adore the Buddha Sâ-la'i-rgyal-po. Once uttering this name shall purify from all sins of theft, robbery, and the like."

It is expressly stated, moreover, in this litany that these Saints if invoked will be of immense service to mortals in the ordinary affairs of life—when they "take meat," "buy and trade with goods," when they "cut stuffs woven of cotton and work it when cut into garments," when the followers of the "Bon-po sect carry with them the secret mystical sentences," when "astrologers invoke good fortune." It is also stated that if the litany be recited "on the 8th, 15th, and 20th of every month the mind of man shall be unchangeably directed

towards the obtaining the sanctity of Saintship. He shall gain the energetic will of the Buddha, and shall in the end obtain all the advantages of the Buddha himself."

"By means of these invocations, the creatures become perfect in the two collections (wisdom and virtue); they shall be purified from their sins and blessed with the dignity of a most perfect Buddha."

As the acquirement of the higher magical powers and the great enfranchisement of the soul were supposed to occur simultaneously, it is evident from this litany that the Great Saints of the Past were considered the chief factors in either result. The direct agent in the production of marvels in the East was called *Mâyâ* (illusion); for the Indian idealists believed that all the phenomena of the seen world were merely subjective. There is a curious passage bearing on *Mâyâ* from S'ankara, the ancient commentator of Vyâsa.

"There is therefore nothing contradictory to suppose that the omniscient, who is himself the material cause of names and forms, creates the world. Or better still, we may say as a skilful juggler without material creates himself as it were another self going in the air, so the Omniscient Deity, being omnipotent and mighty in *Maya*, creates himself as if it were another self in the form of the world." *

In the *Saddhupariprichchâ*, Vajrapani, the Buddha of Buddhas in person, instructs the disciple Sabahu in magical rites.† Those desirous of obtaining Siddhi, or magical powers, must give up the world altogether, and become perfectly pure and confess their sins. The neophyte must place himself under the guidance of an able teacher. He must be shaved, washed, cleaned. Of particular importance is the choice of a place for the initiation. It must be without distractions, free from terrors from wild beasts, and haunted by the spirits of the saints. Caves, forests, and desolate mountains are the haunts of the ascetic in the Buddhist Sutras.

The place must be well swept and otherwise cleaned; and fresh earth must be thrown upon it in order to make its surface even and smooth. A magical circle of the five sacred colours must be drawn in order to overcome the impediments opposed by wicked spirits; for these latter do all they can to prevent the devotee's efforts and the incantations from exercising their full effects. Within the circle an altar is erected, upon which various vessels are ranged, filled with grain and perfumed water. The ceremonies consist in the reciting of

* Colebrooke's Essays, I., p. 400, new edition. Professor Cowell's note.

† Condensed by Schalgintweit. Buddhism in Tibet, p. 242.

incantations and in the presentation of offerings to the spirits. A *Vajra*, or instrument formed of eight metallic hoops, is held in the hand of the suppliant. The incantations must be repeated a fixed number of times—about 100,000 times a day. The number is counted by means of a rosary of 108 beads. They must be recited slowly, without raising or lowering the voice, and any addition or omission frustrates the object in view. The rite *Dubed* is considered the most efficacious to concentrate the thoughts. The novice places before himself two vessels placed upon a piece of paper with an octagon frame. The vessels are filled with water perfumed with saffron, and strips of the five sacred colours are twisted round them; flowers also and Kusa grass are put into them. The devotee fixes his gaze on the two vessels, and reflects upon the benefit to be derived from meditation. The state of *Samādhi*, or complete abstraction, says another treatise, is very difficult to obtain. It is divided into four degrees—

1. Complete cessation of all ideas of individuality.
2. The Path of Seeing. Secrets and powers hitherto concealed become revealed.
3. Patience. The mind of the mystic becomes pure.
4. His mind becomes, as it were, one with the mind of God.*

The approach of the moment when the devotee attains the possession of supernatural qualities is indicated by various signs, such as agreeable dreams, the diffusion of sweet odours, etc. Particular offerings must then be made to the Buddhas. Only a minimum quantity of food is allowed to be taken for two, and even four, days, and certain holy Buddhist books must be read. If, however, notwithstanding these efforts, no marks reveal the approach of the *Siddhi*, it is a token of some hindering cause.

Eight classes of *Siddhi* are distinguished—

1. The power to conjure.
2. Longevity.
3. The *Amrita*.
4. The discovery of hidden treasures.
5. The entry into Indra's cave.
6. The art of making gold.
7. The transformation of earth into gold.
8. The acquiring of the priceless jewel.

As a Buddhist monk is bound over to obligations of poverty, and a Buddhist mystic in quest of the *Bodhi*, or knowledge of the Mysteries of the Kingdom of Heaven, would consider earthly diamonds and treasures merely a hindrance to his

* Schlagintweit, p. 54.

quest, it is evident, I think, that some of these eight classes of Siddhi have a mystic significance. In the *Indische Alterthumskunde* of Lassen, as I show in my work on Buddha, is an account of the initiation of neophytes into the ancient mysteries of India. Some of the most important of these rites take place in a cavern. This gives, I think, a special significance to class 5, the entry into Indra's cave. The neophyte, after being assailed with many terrors, darkness, thunder, demons, weapons of death, etc., was suddenly confronted with a dazzling coruscation, and all the brilliant scenes and rich perfumes of Indra's paradise. The allusions, too, to the jewel, a symbol of initiation, and the amrita, or water of immortality, tell their own story. The main object of the ancient mysteries is stated to have been to reveal to the initiate the soul's immortality, a doctrine that was concealed from the vulgar.

Writers on the magic of the West give us vivid descriptions of the mysteries of Eleusis and other places, the gorgeous scenery, the pageant, the armies of beautiful nymphs, the legions of demons—from which, by the by, the modern pantomime by the pathway of the monkish "mysteries" seems to have been derived. But one thing seems plain, and that is, that the initiation of the Vedic Rishi could not have been on so gorgeous a scale. With a few wild roots for food he passed years of his life under a tree in a forest, or in a mountain ingle, or in the cave of a wild beast. There for the attainment of what the Alexandrian philosophy called the Extasia he practised rites very similar to those in use, as I have just shown, amongst the mystics of Tibet. He suppressed his breath for long periods. He uttered the mystic and very holy word OM. All this is on record in the *Yoga S'astra* of Patanjali. Was the initiation of such a man by pantomime? or by processes beginning now to be better understood by modern psychology, the phenomena of extasia, of mesmerism, of biology? It is plain that in a forest or the den of a wild beast it would be difficult to prepare the elaborate stage scenery wherewith, according to certain writers on the Mysteries, a neophyte was tricked into the belief that he had visited paradise. On the other hand, a powerful magnetiser like the old Indian adept, operating upon a sensitive in a dark cave or in the crypt of a Chaitya (sepulchral mound common to both Brahmins and Buddhists), could show him visions far more gorgeous than the most expert stage machinist could contrive. This seems to be the origin of the Cave of Indra. Note that all the initiatory processes are just what a modern mesmerist might employ. The open water dish, on which the novice was required to fix his eyes, would have a

similar action to the half-crown or crystal of the biologist. Each neophyte, beginning at the age of eight, was body servant and pupil to some Rishi for many years. This would give the latter plenty of time to gain a strong ascendancy over his pupil. For the higher initiation no doubt the phenomena of extasia were used. The visions of the sensitive seem curiously affected by local and personal impressions. Ecstatic nuns see the Virgin Mary, the Puritans saw Christ, Buddhists the great Tathagata, the Rishis of the Mahâbhârata, Indra, and Agni; and the same law holds good in the case of evil spirits. Thus believers in a personification of evil see a devil with hoofs and a tail, the Chinese see fox-spirits, the Teutons the ghostly wolf, the Abyssinians the hyæna—three animals, by the by, that are accustomed to prowl about graveyards and to feed on the dead. Thus it is conceivable that the Indian visionary in the mystic cave of initiation would see the forms that by mental or actual pictures were already impressed on his mind, gods radiant with light, the Apsarases, the ravishing nymphs of Indra, the grotesque demons with the heads of birds and beasts—crocodiles, serpents, leviathans of the deep.

I have stated in my work on "Buddhism" that Six Supernatural Faculties were required of the Arhat (or Adept, according to the translation of Mr. Hodgson) before he was admitted to the full honours of his craft. He had to rise up in the air; to rain down fire and then water from his body; to make that body expand and then grow indefinitely small. His last exploit was to disappear in the heavens, and return to earth, and then rise once more aloft. Even in the sober Buddhist histories these Six Supernatural Faculties are treated as if they were quite recognised, almost commonplace. Ananda, the favourite disciple of Buddha, for a want of these Six Supernatural Faculties, was refused a seat at the First Great Council which took place about three months after Buddha's death. The night previous to its opening he made strenuous exertions, and in the morning proved his right to be admitted into the conclave by coming into the cave where it was held, not through the door, but by rising up through the floor and gliding into his seat.

A word now on the supposed nature of the unseen agents that help the neophyte in his quest of Siddhi. The treatise named *Sâbâhupariprichâ* is supposed to be revealed directly to a *Bodhisatwa*, or one who has attained the next highest degree of spirituality to that of Buddha by the great Buddha Vajrapani or Vajrasattwa in person. Vajra Sattwa, according to the Pujâ Kand, sits on the lotus of precious stones on the summit of Mount Meru holding in his hand the *Vajra*, which

in Brahminism is a symbol of the Supreme Brahma. Schlagintweit tells us especially that "a ceremony that does not include an address to Vajrasattwa is similar in efficacy to a bird which with its wings cut tries to fly."* Vajra Sattwa is in fact one of the names plainly for the Supreme Buddha of Buddhas and God of Gods. A Buddhist initiate told me that every figure of a Buddha in a temple imaged Gautama, or God under many names. Under the symbol of a saint sitting under a tree cultivating extasia, the supreme being was typified, for in the old Indian creeds he also was imaged as a saint sitting under the tree of knowledge in paradise.

Schlagintweit mentions that several spirits are invoked during the initiatory rites of Siddhi; but he only mentions four, Vajra pani, Avalokitêshwara, Manjusri, and the Genius of Magic. Of these Avalokitêshwara and Manjusri are mortal Buddhas, the patron saints, the first of Nepâl and the second of Tibet. It is plain that the supernatural powers in the treatise are supposed to be the gift of supernatural beings. The rites are similar to the ordinary Buddhist rites. Food and drink are offered to the saints in ghostland that these in return may grant the special favour required. It is expressly stated in the treatise that when failure is the result, this is due to some unexpected obstacle having been thrown in the path of the "patronal divinity," who in a vision will on a future occasion reveal its nature.† Perhaps when the sky was depeopled by the wave of Buddhist Agnosticism it was found logical to construct theories about the will power of the mystic being the sole active supernatural force in the universe, etc. It must be remembered too that in Pantheism the soul of an awakened man is considered part of God. Passages undoubtedly exist in the old Indian Scriptures in which there is a confusion between the god and the man. But the ritual of Buddhist magic and the ritual of Buddhist daily worship ignore any such theory; and so do the ritual and mythology of Brahminism.

This, I think, is enough to show that a certain secret society of mystics which, it has been lately announced,‡ exists in Tibet, cannot be connected with the orthodox Buddhism there established. They hold that the only beneficent spirits that can aid mortals are certain planetary spirits that have never lived on earth; whereas, I think I have written enough to show that the Buddhists derive their aid from the supreme Buddha, and the celestial cohorts of Buddhas that were once

* Schlagintweit, p. 53.

† *Ib.* p. 246.

‡ *The Occult World.* A. P. Sinnett.

living men. The Brothers of Tibet profess, also, to have revived the higher Vedism, but as this was a pure ancestor worship, this claim also seems to me to fall through. They hold, too, that mortals whose spirituality fails to reach a certain development are *annihilated after death*, but this goes quite counter to the agnostic Buddhism of Tibet, to which their ideas seem to have most sympathy, which holds that annihilation is the reward of the just man made perfect, and life is the punishment of sin. Gnostic and agnostic Buddhism and modern Brahminism, all believe in a mysterious influence called Karman. Karman is unintelligent causation. If I commit a certain number of evil deeds in this life, I "store up," as the Buddhists say, so much bad Karman in the next. If I commit a certain number of good deeds, I store up so much good Karman. The good Karman will take me after death to one of the six lower heavens, where I shall live in beatitude, but only for a time. By and by my stock of Karman will become exhausted, and then I must return to earth to live a new, and this time a higher earth life. Evil Karman will take me after earth life to one of the purgatorial hells, and by and by I shall return to live a new, and this time a lower earth life than the one preceding it. I may even descend to the condition of one of the lower animals.

As to the Polydemonism which seems also a characteristic of the creed of these Brothers, I have shown already that such a faith is only retained to please the vulgar even in modern Brahminism. In Buddhism no worship is ever paid to spirits other than the Buddhas in the temples. If by "planetary spirits" allusion is made to our old friends Woden, Thor, the Moon, etc., likenesses of them as men and women undoubtedly exist in Brahminic and Buddhist, as well as other countries. There may be possibly also "elementary spirits" in the ample army of Indian hobgoblins, but on this point I am in complete ignorance.

"WE might see for ourselves," says the Rev. J. P. Stuart, "that we are gaining a most glorious result in the demonstrations of the spiritual world that are given to men of every class; for whether declarations of men who have passed into the other life are true or false, weighty or worthless, wise or nonsensical, one thing is gained by them. Henceforth the world shall know that death is neither a temporary nor an eternal sleep; but that, when stripped of his mortal coil, 'a man's a man for a' that.' From henceforth it shall be *known* that the sphere of immortal life is contiguous to the sphere of mortal life, and that millions of spiritual beings, unseen and unknown, 'throng the air and tread the earth.'"

IN VISION-LAND.

BY CAROLINE CORNER.

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(Written for and dedicated to the Baroness ADELMA VON VAY.)

CHAPTER I.

She was a sunbeam, for as yet no shadow had darkened her path.

GROSSMUTTER SCHWARTZ lived in a little mud-house at the foot of the mountains in the beautiful Rhine Valley. A curious personage was this Grossmutter Schwartz—curious, both in habits and appearance. One of her peculiarities was that she was never to be seen by day, only at night when she was wont to wander about alone—always alone, clad in a huge brown cloak and poke bonnet, carrying a gnarled stick in one hand, whilst the other was ever employed in gripping something which she appeared to have concealed at her breast, and which she was suspicious of being robbed of at any moment.

Of course, the village folk had their different versions of the history of this odd individual; but one and all agreed in that she had dealings with a certain accommodating gentleman, who conveniently steps in when all else fails. Nevertheless, there was not one from the portly bürgomaster himself—an official who carried his dignity with a thoroughbred air of self-importance—to the meekest of the flaxen-haired gretchens who would not have given much for just one peep into her mysterious domicile, unpretending though it was.

There was a rumour afloat that she was a sort of presiding genius over a race that peoples a nether world—a race powerful to affect the weal or woe of ordinary humanity, and into whose favour she, by some subtle craft, had ingratiated herself; and not only that, for some affirmed that she held these mannikins in subjection, and compelled them when required to employ their skill and capacities in fulfilment of her desires.

Another rumour ran—for, be it remembered, that we are in the land of fairy lore—that she was a fairy queen, and could take upon herself any appearance she chose. And there were those even who persisted that she had been ejected from the wild Drachenfels during an eruption (whenever that may have been), and was condemned to live on until the earth should open, when she would ultimately be consigned to eternal rest—the rigid "Christian" said, perdition. Such an extraordinary woman was this Grossmutter Schwartz. But the greatest marvel was yet to come.

Along with the old frau there dwelt a maiden—ah, such a maiden!—with golden tresses, and big blue eyes, all bright with happiness and with mirth—easy, careless, child-mirth. This was Mariana, the pet of the village, the Sunbeam of the Rhine. Old and young alike adored her. She was a creature of smiles and sunshine, carrying

about with her wherever she went an atmosphere of brightness and cheerfulness. Sighs were hushed at her approach, sobs were choked, eyes were dried. Her footstep was so light, her smile so radiant, her voice as the chiming of soft silver bells borne on the summer air, and when she broke out into one of the old Volkslieder, accompanying herself upon the zither, which nature had taught her to play, dulness and sorrow were forced to give place to happiness and mirth. There was a fund of vigour in her that it seemed impossible to exhaust—a brightness in this budding blossom that seemed too radiant to know decay. Everybody loved her well, and called her the Sunbeam, their Sunbeam of the Rhine.

A sunbeam! Yes; for as yet no shadow had darkened her path; only a shadow's shadow had for a passing moment edged her golden way, and this was when one by one of her many admirers were called away to serve in their Fatherland's cause; but others had speedily taken their place, for no one in particular was more favoured than the rest. Mariana's love was diffusive, her heart was open to all, and this love is by far the most comfortable sort—there's no doubt about that.

This had always been her home, this cottage in the Valley of the Rhine. In it she was content—aye, more, she was happy as the birds or the field-flowers in their freedom and ignorance of aught apart and beyond. It is only knowledge that brings with it dissatisfaction and unrest. Here she lived without a thought for the morrow, or a care to rumple her smooth young brow, with immediate and adequate responses to her warm soul's need of love; surrounded by all that her nature demanded—her pets, her playmates, her flowers, her zither, her all. How then could she be otherwise than happy, if happiness be possible on earth? Happiness is possible on earth, but alas! it is transient as a dream, and when we awake the very remembrance of that dream is our sorrows' pressing crown. Our Mariana lived in the present, and enjoyed it—and thorough enjoyment it was, for she knew not as yet nor could imagine any other, happy child. The past was equally as agreeable, although 'twas not often recalled—what need was there for it? None at all. It is only the weary, the suffering, the disappointed, the oppressed, who search the records of the past for sustenance—and do they get it, poor souls, or do they but add to their wrinkles? As for the future, Mariana had not reckoned on that as aught but a continuance of her childhood's dream. We are all accustomed to take long glances ahead, even Mariana did so at times; but those glances are from the mind's eye, and are tintured with our present feelings and ideas, the offspring of our present state of human consciousness, which cannot reach beyond itself to one more advanced. It all depends upon our present condition as to what the future may appear. To some in their misery it may seem but a dreary waste; to Mariana, it was golden and fruitful and warm. Such is the power of outside influences over us, poor, fallible mortals that we are.

Sweet Mariana, dream on! Who would be the one to dispel a

child's glad dream? And yet it is done, and must be done, and the dreamer awakens matured to find herself (for let men say what they will, it is women whose heritage it is to suffer and endure) one amidst a vast concourse of humanity, hard pressed and toiling, eradicating and improving, in order that they may pass from imperfection to perfection. Mariana, child-woman, dream on!

CHAPTER II.

Age does not count by years; a whole lifetime may be lived between sunrise and sunset.

It was a bright, bright summer day. Soft sunbeams, glistening through the tendrils of the vines, tinted the fruit all crimson and gold. The sky was azure blue, save where light silvery clouds, like fairy barques, traversed its broad expanse, which the beautiful Rhine reflected on its slumbering bosom in all its loveliness. Away, far away in the mountains the tone of each busy sound was lost in a hollow echoing note. Were it not for this without the quaint little village a mile or so, one might have fancied oneself in some distant sphere where none of the wails of mortality can reach, and peace alone doth prevail. And this was our Mariana's birthday. She was sixteen years old to-day.

"So I am to be a woman from to-day, Nänchen," she says to her constant attendant and friend, a little white goat by her side. "Yes, and to wear a long gown and turn up my plaits with a ribbon like the daughter at the Gasthaus, thou know'st how, and to go to church and walk so, and look so (twisting her pretty pouting lips into a comical contortion which *she deemed was to be* womanly and demure), and not be the wild and careless child that I have been. Bach! but I shan't like it, I know. Only, Nänchen, think of thy Mariana in a new long gown, with bright gay ribbons to tie her hair—a woman, Nänchen, and when Hans and Fritz and Otto, poor Otto, look at me so, I shall look so and so, and then they'll think, Ah, she's a woman now, and wears fine clothes, and is proud, and is waiting for some great noble to come and wed her. She won't think any more of me, and of the forget-me-nots that grow on the bank of the Rhine, handsome Otto will sigh. But it won't be so, of course Nänchen. Women have hearts, I suppose, and least of all would Mariana forget thee, little one, No! No! No! . . . But come, the sun soon begins to set, and the town, the great town where we went once and saw all sorts of wonderful things is far away, and grossmutter waits for us, and we have all the fine things to buy, to wear when I am a woman. Ah, 'twill be grand then! so come, then, come."

Then away they sped along, Mariana blythe and radiant as a sunbeam, with the pretty white goat tripping by her side. The town once reached, the coins were soon exchanged, the very last groschen was spent. They must go home. So homewards they went, Mariana singing to shorten the way one of her bright little lays all about sun-

shine and May, Nänchen giving evidence of her approval in her most engaging little bleats and caressing rubs of her hairy face against the soft guiding palm.

The evening breeze was rising, and as it came sweeping on from the huge black forest out yonder, it seemed to bring with each breath new thoughts and feelings into the mind and breast of our Mariana. The song died on her lips, and a dreamy softness usurped the place of mischievous mirth in her eye. Now there was revealed a depth, a sort of sleeping unconscious depth, that once awakened might give birth to a new life, a new instinct, and that perforce might only be awaiting conditions to bring this new birth into active operation. She found herself wandering in an unexplored region of thought, and wondering with a spontaneous and acute curiosity what might lay hidden in these secret mystical realms, the inner recesses and complexities of her soul. The experience was novel and fascinating to her. From simply wondering she next found herself mentally gliding on to see what did lie beyond. And what did she find? Far as her mind's eye could penetrate, aye, and infinitely beyond had she known, mysteries more numerous and profound. She became involved, amazed, and silently absorbed. The song had died on her lips unheeded, spite of Nänchen's petitions for more, and the gay ribbon and gown had lost their haunting spell at least for now. Her step became less brisk, her countenance meditative, fixed, and transformed. In the first moments she was conscious of her heart giving one tremendous bound, then after a few quick flutterings it was still, unnaturally still, whilst a numbing sensation or lack of sensation to outside material surroundings took possession of her. When she awoke from this strange mental absorption, it was as though her entire being had undergone some sort of regeneration. She scarcely recognised herself—was she the child Mariana? Was life, which to her had hitherto been made up of brief and narrow dreams, the same as now had dawned before her, a broad and boundless tract, hard and intricate, with by-ways unending, with mountains to ascend, and gloomy stifling caverns to penetrate, so dark that at times it was difficult to find the way? But there loomed a beacon ever ahead, and this beacon bore the word "Aspire." It never went out, that is completely out, and this it was that first catching her eye had led her on through the mystical windings of an inner consciousness. Her former habits and plans now seemed flat, unprofitable, weak. The very atmosphere she had been accustomed to inhale, she now turned from as oppressive and stale. Could it suffice to satisfy her any more? She saw it peopled with little images dwarfed and ugly, and yet each bore a weird resemblance to herself, and it perplexed her, until by intuition she perceived that these little images were the embodiment of her past thoughts and actions. She felt uneasy, and an impulse powerful and determined moved her to rid herself of these horrid spectres. But how?

In answer to this something ponderous seemed to be uplifted, and her soul-perceptions quickened into faculties far superior to any she

had hitherto dreamed of. Her visual sense was dim and contracted compared with this new perception which enabled her to take a wider view of life, its purpose, and its aim. Her soul thrilled with wonder at life's import, its magnitude, its infinitude; and, as though she would grasp its mighty aim, she stretched forth both her slender arms, while a cry rang out from her breast, a cry not of anguish, but of earnest passionate desire tempered with entreaty and child-like faith.

"My Nänchen," she said, and she turned the little creature's soft brown eyes to meet her own, "my Nänchen, could'st thou but know. This is not all, this life, that has all sunshine for thee and me. There's something more, something terribly hard, but it's worth trying for. Everybody must. Thy Mariana must, or she would never be a woman. Ah, dear Nänchen, thou can'st not understand. It is not for thee, little one. Some day when thou art *human* thou wilt understand. I cannot explain it to thee, though thou dost look so wise, and gentle, and good, more so than many a *mortal* methinks, and far more true. Liebchen, blame not thy Mariana if she must heed thee less. She'll *love* thee none the less. Only, Nänchen, it seems there's other work to do—so much to suffer, so much to do. It is not this glad summer-life that can make me a woman, nor the gay ribbons and long gown. In every life there comes a time when something within must awake—the soul, methinks it is. Nänchen, that time now comes for me. A life will awaken within this life—a life more real, for 'tis one that will never die. This life we *mortals* must all know, for to be human is not to be perfect. It is only to be on a higher form in the school of creation. This, also, thou wilt know some day, little one. For the present be constant, be true as far as thy knowledge extendeth, for in this is everything comprised. Thy truth and mine are the same—truth is always the same—only that it is compassed by the natural capacities of each. Therefore continue to be true; and if perchance Mariana in her hard and upward strivings appear to heed thee less, wax not weak in disappointment. I love thee, Nänchen—love can never die—it is of God, and no mortal power can kill it. Ofttimes we *mortals* fancy love is dead. Folly! If there, love will never die. It is only a false and degrading passion that can know death. Love will live strengthened, purified by time and pain. Love is an emblem of eternity. Ah, little dumb friend, it was in thy soft tender eye I first beheld the gleam of truth, pure and simple, such as we *mortals* with all our vaunted superiorities cannot pretend to surpass."

She twined her arms round the little creature's neck, and kissed her tenderly—as a mother would her child—then continued, still in a pensive, solemn tone—

"Here is thy ribbon, Nänchen. Wear it in remembrance of this day—Mariana's birthday. 'Tis a pretty ribbon embroidered with the passion-flower. Mine, see, is the same. The beautiful passion-flower with the cross upon its heart. Maybe 'tis some mystic symbol, a warning for thee and for me. 'Twas ever a favourite flower with

me. So delicately beautiful, so bright; yet in all its loveliness it has its cross to bear. And see how tenderly 'tis hidden, soft pressed beneath the petals that none may see. And yet 'tis there distilling the sweet perfume, even as love is purified and strengthened, uprising from sorrows and pangs. 'Tis rich in lessons to us, this little passion-flower." And then she fell to musing for awhile until her feet dragged heavily with fatigue, and she said—

"Nänchen, we both are weary. Let us rest here on this stone by the Rhine. Perhaps he has something to say to us this evening. He draws me to him, dear Rhine, as if he fain would speak. Rest thee here by my side, and I will sit and dream. List to the Angelus! So sweet! It lulls me to sleep, and already I seem to dream. The sky is full of pictures. I recognise them, many are visionary scenes of my earth-life. In the far distant east I might fancy I read my infancy. Its birth fearfully dark and troubled, but emerging peaceful and still. Then my childhood, swift and radiant, with scarce a cloud to be seen. And now—my future, is't? my womanhood? commencing from to-day? Nänchen, stay with me. There comes something that may separate us. Be firm. Hold thou my gown—my woman's long gown. Stay by me, or thy Mariana will be left alone—a woman all alone. I seek the crown, I hold the cross. Thou would'st not leave me, dear one, thy Mariana—alone? Nänchen, hold me. Be firm." And now she took the little animal in her arms and held it close to her breast, while warm tear-drops fell down her rounded cheek and on to the shaggy nestling little head; and thus she remained for some time in profound and troubled thought.

When she awakened from her reverie it was to find the sun sunk low in the west. Nänchen was still nestling close, and all else was unchanged, saving that the Angelus had ceased and night was coming on. Then drawing a long, long breath she kissed her faithful little friend, tenderly gazing in the truthful loving eyes, and said—

"My Nänchen, 'tis time for us to go!"

But before they set off, they must bid the Rhine good night—he had been as an old friend to them, and they loved him, and would never have thought of going home without the usual "Gute Nacht: Schlafe wohl, lieber Rhine." Nänchen evidently approved of the habit, for had her mistress forgotten, she (Nänchen) instinctively turned that way, for Nänchen never forgot, as animals never do, though *mortals* may.

* But this evening, as Mariana from her kneeling posture on the stone bent over the water, a short exclamation of astonishment broke from her lips—

"Ach Gott! what is this? A picture in the Rhine? How comes it there, and why?"

Lower and lower she stooped, drawn by mesmeric fascination seemingly, her attention rivetted, her loosened tresses floating away on the bosom of the beautiful Rhine. Meanwhile the vision grew more distinct, until the clairvoyante beheld a female form graceful and fair to look upon, such as the Undines are said to be, fair of

form yet void of heart. She appeared to stand, this beautiful spirit, in the midst of the water, holding in her hand a wand composed of the reeds of the Rhine. By and bye the rising wind surely seemed to be endowed with the faculty of speech, for distinctly our Mariana imagined she heard the following communication uttered in soft insinuating murmurs in her ear:—

"Behold me, Syrene, Queen of the Water-Sprites, an enemy to Mankind. Vanquished, despised, our people are ignored by the majority of the Human Race: down trodden, rejected, contemned. Vain, self-assertive mortals, who are ye that say we exist not—'it is impossible, it cannot be!' Wherefore this authority, this power to decree?"

"Is it that your laws are immutable, your opinions know no change? What is the belief, the dogma to-day must be henceforth and evermore? Is it that the mine of truth is explored—the earth, the air, the fire, the water can yield no more food for contemplation, nor other rich grains for the store-house of your all-wise reflection? That Man has arrived at the summit of the mountain of knowledge, has attained the pinnacle of Wisdom so that he can affirm that such is and such cannot be?"

"Presumptuous positivism! frail as it is presumptuous, irrational as it is frail, that will not give credence to the existence of myriads of beings without the pale of poor imperfect Humanity!"

"To some of your kind, revelations have been made. Your bard has sung, your seer has beheld, your genius has immortalised their brethren of the elements. From time immemorial it has been the custom in your highest works of poesy and art. Through countless ages your complex minds have had a haunting consciousness of the beings who people some unknown dimensions of space. And still ye will not believe."

"Again, when those periodical disturbances rend your earth,—when strife, famine, pestilence are abroad,—know ye not that we, the contemned, are uprisen in anger eager to be avenged?"

"How exultingly we hold high revel on a wild tempestuous sea when the sinking barque can no longer brave the attacks of the storm, but must sink—sink to the fathomless depths with her vanquished and despairing crew! 'Tis one more victory gained over the Human Race."

"And what, then, is the great distinguishing feature between your race and our own? is it not that keener sense of misery which you, Mortals, possess? And whence comes it if not from those false, misleading attributes which by Mankind are designated—The Affections? Are not they amongst you who, by nature, are endowed with superior, that is, more acute, sensibilities, the most susceptible to woe, the intenser sufferers of Humankind? Are not oftentimes their intellects blunted, their purposes frustrated, their ambitions daunted by the caprices of the Human Heart? And yet, weak fallible Mortals, ye would despise Us!"

"Still, there are some who are less pretentious. These have in some way experienced the effect of our power in blessings or the re-

verse. Or maybe it is that by inheritance, or a special grace of nature, they possess an organism which we are able to act upon and influence, and at times mould to our will. Howe'er it be, rest assured that we, along with myriads of beings imperceptible to the physical senses, can and do influence, and oftentimes control and direct the passions, and with them the destinies of the Human Race.

"And not from the weak, the degraded, nor those of less worth do we our disciples choose; but rather from the exalted, those high in favour, merit, or renown—'children of the gods,' as they are called, the learned, the brave, the gifted, the fair. And when perchance some incongruous combination of prophetic utterances, divine aspirations, and inordinate frailties—such as is exemplified in your 'genius'—falls to our share, great is the rejoicing amongst us, for stupendous is the might wielded by such a one; radiations that are invested with a subtle and irresistible force so that the world loses sight of imperfections in the fascination of superior might.

"And still Mankind will promulgate the sublimity, the worth of the Human Heart! But enough, I must now to my task. Sweet Maid, methinks I heard thee sigh—sighs become not such as thee. Thou art too fair, too choice a flower. Sunshine and smiles are for thee. If thou wilt agree, these shall make up thy life; not a cloud shall be born for thee.

"For more than one this magical reed which I hold has turned the tide, has stemmed the adverse currents, cleared the shoals, and landed the voyager on a safe and profitable strand, where success is inevitable, wealth and honour and fame are within the reach of all. There many of the world's distinguished have graduated and acquired that which has brought them huge rewards in untold riches, homage, and renown.

"Thither would I lead thee, fair Sunbeam of the Rhine. Thither would I have thee turn thine ear for instruction, thy mind for counsel, thy talents for perfection, thy life for success.

"But first, one duty is incumbent, and for this it behoves me to put thee to the test. Then let me explain, fair child. In this water I shall shew thee a vision. Thou must look well, attentively, and ponder, answering not at random but when thou art well assured. If in beholding thou canst repress thy rising emotions; if thou canst look on, and in the quickening of thy Human Affections control and subjugate them to a sterner judgment; feel, and yet by an effort of will stifle that feeling, or render it subservient to a more substantial interest; sympathise, compassionate, love, and still prove thyself able and ready to relinquish all for a more lucrative lot—then art thou fit to be of Us, then are We willing and desirous to serve Thee. But should'st prove thyself too Human, too frail, then sorrow and woe for thy Human Heart—disappointment and loneliness and gloom. Instead of this coronet already prepared and possessed of a magical power to charm, to conquer, to subdue, a wreath of willows, of cypress, and of rue, shall crown thy Human lot. And now, Behold! Make thy choice, bright Sunbeam of the Rhine."

With this the fairy phantom thrice brandished her wand, and lo ! the waters of the Rhine became instantly calm and translucent as the enchanted lake of Amrita, and Mariana beheld the following as a vision rise up in its midst.

A grey-stone mansion with gables and deep-set mullioned windows. A well-kept lawn bordered by fine old English elms, and fronting a moderately capacious entrance hall. At the end of the gravel walk a pair of ponderous iron gates and a picturesque lodge in the corner. The whole well thrown up by a background of copse, which relieved the monotony of meadows, rich pasture-lands, and neighbouring golden cornfields already ripening fast.

To Mariana such scenery is unfamiliar, and she regards it with keen interest, and an idea occurs to her that it is English—the England she has heard so much about—England where, as handsome Otto tells her, he means to go some day, with a meaning look in her eyes, and she blushes and turns away.

But now the vision is completed, and Mariana's heart gives a great bound and she exclaims : "Ach Gott ! and who is that?"

A slight, yet manly figure has entered at the gates. Slowly, yet with firm gait he treads the gravelled pathway. His back is towards her ; nevertheless, she watches him as though her destiny, her very life depends upon him. Her pulse throbs with impatience. It seems an eternity, and yet it is but a few seconds before he pauses at the steps leading up to the house. Why does he pause ? What is it that induces, nay, compels him to turn his head ? Aye, what is it that causes us to perform oftentimes some seemingly meaningless action, but upon which the whole current of our human existence may be turned as the tiny pebble the gigantic stream ? We know not : we call it Fate.

He pauses, and now he turns his head. Their eyes meet ; and the influence of each acts upon the other. Though miles and hundreds of miles intervene, their souls have met, they are strangers no longer. His dark magnetic glance has pierced her ; her tender woman's glance has brought calm and delicious sweetness to his breast. Strength and sympathy commingle, and a link is formed, a link that neither power of mortal nor of distance can break in twain. She, at any rate, is powerfully affected by those soft, dark, unfathomable eyes that thrill her very soul. Her bosom throbs, her pretty lips tremble, and her sweet eyes moisten like violets under the dew.

All else is neglected, forgotten, absorbed in this new, overwhelming and delicious feeling. Those dark, dark eyes that must henceforth be the loadstone of her life—*this* life, not the new inner life that she had but a few minutes ago deemed all precious. Alas ! for her previous high resolves ! Alas ! for the Syren's brilliant lot ! Henceforth a woman, Mariana, with a woman's heart, a woman's love, a woman's pangs and woes.

She shuddered, and yet her heart rejoiced. This life was all in all to her now, with him as its genius, its mainspring, its goal.

But now the vision shivers and breaks up into disjointed fragments,

so that she can with difficulty discern those thrilling eyes. In vain, in vain, she cries, "Come back, come once again." In vain, alas, in vain! 'The vision has faded and gone. And now Mariana sinks back on the stone, and gives way to a passionate outburst of grief. Her tears flow hardly, for no longer child's, they are woman's tears, and hard and bitter to shed.

"Thou art gone and with thee my life, for with thee rests the power to cherish or to crush. Mariana without thee! What would be the world without the sun, the flower without the dew, the sea without the moon, the form without the soul? Without thee now, to live, ach! such were impossible. Come back, or I wither and die as yon passion-flower with the cross eating deep into its heart, its life. Come back, dear eyes, come back. We have met and I would that the same star may rule thy destiny as mine: that soul to soul we may one day meet hand to hand. Distance parts us now, but some day our paths will meet, and then—ah, what then? I tremble, I flush, I love, and yet I dread to think. This is to be a woman. I know it now. This is to be a woman and to love.

"But he answereth not. He is gone: he comes not again just yet, and I am a woman—alone."

Her golden head fell on her breast and she wept. She wept long and bitterly as we all have done, refusing to be comforted by a fond and faithful friend, rejecting the substance for the false and fleeting shade, neglecting the real for the ideal. Nevertheless, Nänchen continued to caress, nestling her little nose in her mistress's neck, and drawing her little rough tongue down the saddened, tear-stained cheek, continued until Mariana was aroused, and spake to her these words: "Ah, Nänchen, thou art here and faithful still? Dear Nänchen," and she held the little animal's face uplifted to her own. "But, Liebchen, thou art not *he*. Thine eyes are not as *his*. Thine are tender and true; but *his*—*his* are the sun when it scorches with its blaze, and yet the passion-flower loves the sun, and turns to it for life, and under its powerful rays the cross grows at its heart as mine will grow. And yet I would not have it otherwise. 'Tis sweet to be a woman, to suffer and to love. Nänchen, when thou art human thou wilt understand how sweet, how hard it is;" and she wept again.

But time was creeping on, and they had a mile or two more to go home. Presently Mariana gave heed to the warning tugs at her gown, and drying her eyes she said:

"Yes, little one, we must go. But list!" she exclaimed, her finger uplifted, her ear bent as though to catch some sound, "the night-winds are risen, and are speaking, chaunting some mournful lay like a requiem for the dead. List!"

Life holds more pain than pleasure:

'Tis true, 'tis true;

Sunbeam, bid sunbeams forever

Adieu, adieu!

Take then this wreath of willows
 And rue, and rue.
 Emblem of life's dread billows
 For you, for you.

Hist to the night-winds sighing !
 "Too late, too late !"
 Night-birds responding, crying,
 "'Tis fate, 'tis fate !"

Sunbeam, bright sunbeam, forever,
 Adieu, adieu !
 Henceforth more pain than pleasure
 For you, for you.

And now Mariana arose and went on her homeward way, Nänchen following with a troubled look in her eye.

"The Sunbeam is killed : the passion-flower lives," she was thinking as she went along. And this was her birthday ; she was sixteen years old to-day.

CHAPTER III.

They said of old, the soul had human shape,
 But smaller, subtler than the fleshly self,
 So wandered forth for airing when it pleased.

TIME rolled on : a year at last was gone. Throughout the changing seasons—autumn, beautiful, yet melancholy, remindful of our short-lived earthly bliss ; winter, cold and dreary as a loveless life ; spring, when hope revives, and the world looks youthful and chaste and glad ; summer, bright and golden as the purposes of youth—throughout these changing seasons Mariana had haunted that spot—the stone by the side of the Rhine. Thither would she wander in the waning light of day—thither did she come to watch and wait and pray. Thus in time did earnest desire merge into belief, belief into anticipation, and now she fondly trusted that this ardent faith which she held might indeed become reality, and then—. Ah ! such a curious medley of conflicting feelings possessed her at this thought ! And yet Mariana was glad to forsake her old companions, admirers, all for this new found abstract delight !

The games were played without her now : the dance she had loved best of all never missed her, the young Mariana, for another had taken her place ; but never a sigh for the old, old life—never a wish to go back. 'Twas enough to come and sit and gaze with faith illumined eyes deep into the Rhine, and wait till fate should answer her prayer.

A year had thus rolled on ; her birthday was here again, and the same bright sun is glorifying the summer's eve. A dreamy stillness prevails that is sanctified rather than disturbed by the low-toned bell of the Angelus. Away from the pretty moss-grown chapel, a mile or so along the river-bank, we shall find Mariana, her Nänchen by her side. And now let us see what change, if any, those twelve months have wrought in the heroine of our story.

Still the same fair face we gaze upon ; less rounded perhaps, and dimpled, but equally as lovely, and still fresh with the bloom of youth. From a cursory glance, little changed, but a deep observer would have found that the dormant light in those large blue eyes has awakened, and is now aglow, so that at times the entire countenance is illuminated, and seemingly transfigured. This light—all possess it active or passive—is the guide to the soul life, a life apart from that of actions from which alone the world is wont to draw its judgment. How apt, then, is the world to misjudge ! for the world sees through its own light, and cannot shake off its personal Adam ; so that were it to attempt to reach above itself, it would, as the French philosopher has it, “fall back to its own flesh and blood.” There are few natures that can divest themselves of self, so as to understand the motives and the feelings that dictate those motives of another. And so it is that oftentimes the best, the farthest advanced, are least appreciated, because they are least understood. But to return to Mariana.

This evening she wears a dark blue gown, with a clean white neckerchief folded across her breast, and her golden braids are pinned up, and tied with a ribbon to match the gown. Her head is bent forward so as to concentrate her gaze upon the river beneath, and a faint flush on either cheek is suggestive of gladsome expectation. Such a lovely image is it that is reflected in the water of the beautiful Rhine !

But now a shadow has fallen across the sunlit waters, and Mariana presses a hand to her heart. A sudden spasm elicits a feeble cry, and immediately a little rough head is rubbed against her arm, then a shaggy little face is uplifted so full of compassion, while in that simple trembling bleat is conveyed a volume of sympathy and love.

“Ah Nänchen, is't thou?” Again a quivering bleat, and caresses in the little dumb creature's own way.

“Poor Nänchen ! What now ?” There was a sort of regretful quiver in her voice as Mariana spoke, but it soon passed away. “What now, little one ? I am with thee still. Aye ? Would'st have us go ? No, Nänchen, not yet. We must stay : something bids me, compels me. Methinks I could not if I would. I feel myself bound to this spot more than ever this eve—’Tis my birthday Nänchen. Ah, well I remember the last ! But, Liebchen, tease not so. I must not, will not go. For were I absent in the body my spirit would haunt the Rhine. I cannot, *will* not go.

“Good Nänchen, rest thee still at my feet, and I will tell thee my dream—ah, ’twas a delicious dream ! ’Tis said that in sleep our souls wander forth. That when the body is no longer active, we, that is our true selves—our souls, are untrammelled, and many in their sleep have seen, and heard, and done what would be impossible in their ordinary waking state. Think'st thou it were so with me, Nänchen ? Listen, and I will tell.

“I dreamed that I sat here on this much loved old stone. The sun was shining all crimson and gold as it did an hour ago, and the even-

ing air was so soft, the world so still, that in my dream I fell asleep. Then in sleep my soul seemed to grow light, such a sense of relief possessed me when this cumbersome body was no longer there to burden and obstruct, and I wandered forth. It must have been a long way, but to me it was easy; I seemed to float, or was magnetically drawn through the air, rapidly, pleasantly as on a breath of wind. But never for an instant did I lose sight of the Rhine. He lay below calm and clear, gentle and tender as he appears now. In time I came to a fine large town with handsome buildings such as we saw, Nänchen, on my birthday, a year ago. Well, into one of those fine buildings I entered—what wonders one does in these dreams! I was not alone. Others were there whose presence, if I could not see, I had a consciousness of, and some distressed me; but not for long, their influence was soon overcome by others, pure souls bathed in light. On, on I went, threading a labyrinth of corridors, up flight after flight of stairs, nor pausing once to decide, but borne along, or seemingly drawn, by some power invisible, in which my own will was absorbed.

And yet 'twas in no wise contrary to my own inclination. Methinks I felt happier, and certainly more learned, dear Nänchen. Thou would'st scarce have known thy Mariana; such an influx of knowledge, hard learning and hard words poured in upon me. Another strange fact, I felt no fatigue. As I continued my way strength was imparted to me by that same mystical power, so that at the slightest approach to exhaustion my strength was instantaneously renewed. Finally I reached a certain door, and ere I had time for thought, was borne through its massive panels finding myself within. The apartment was small, and to me, curiously furnished. But an idea like an intuition occurred to me that it was the room of a student, and that all these unfamiliar things were used in scientific research. But all passed before me like a flash of lightning, and was gone.

Only one corner was left partially unobscured, and towards that corner I was drawn as a needle to the magnet. Then, oh, that I could make thee understand, little one, what my feelings were then! It was as though the thoughts and abilities of another had intermingled with my own, and for a moment I was strangely confused. Now, a full tide of hard learning completely swamped my little store of wisdom, while in some instances my own ideas were enlarged and developed much as the orange tree is said to shoot up, bud and blossom at the fakir's will. Then I perceived—for I did not see with eyes—a ray of light conspicuous in the shadowy darkness. My attention was rivetted by this light, and as I watched, it expanded until it took upon itself the proportions and appearance of a human being. Nänchen, it was *he*! he, with the dark, dark eyes, my love, my genius of the Rhine, my fate! He lifted his eyes to mine. They burnt. I tried to turn away, but no! they drew me to them again. I could not get away. They held my soul in thrall, and I loved them more and more. I used to think thine eyes were beautiful, Nänchen,

but *his*—they were my sun, my world, my life! But this, my poor little dumb creature, thou can'st not understand. This is to be human, a woman, and to love. Some day, maybe, thou wilt understand. This was all my dream, Nänchen, I awoke to find thee tugging at my gown. Thou would'st have us go, but I cannot. I *must* stay. I have seen him, and something tells me that he comes. He, also, has had a dream while resting from his studies, and in that dream he saw me here, and he will come. He cannot stay away, neither can I go. The time approaches when we shall meet. I feel it, I know it, my Nänchen. Even now he starts, he comes, at first against his will. He doubts, and is half ashamed of hearkening to the illusions of a dream. But he gives in, he must give in, and he leaves his studies to come. He comes. He comes, and the vision that has haunted him in dreams since my birthday a year ago, is about to be realised now, at last, on this stone by the beautiful Rhine. And Nänchen, thou wilt go, and he will come. This is to be a woman. This is my best birthday. I am seventeen years old to-day.

CHAPTER IV.

Hath Nature, then, no mystic law we seek in vain to scan.

ALONG the broad highway a traveller wends his way. His garments are soiled with much walking through the dust of the summer's day. But notwithstanding this, one might detect at a glance the unmistakable signs of culture in his appearance and gait. His features are regular and refined; his head well shaped and suggestive of a preponderance of the intellectual faculties even beneath the tight-fitting cap which he now takes off to wipe the perspiration from his brow. A capacious brow it is! with a pair of deep dark eyes that possess an abundance of mesmeric power. Taken altogether, the countenance is pre-eminently attractive rather than handsome, an impressive rather than a pleasing one; one that commands respect and rivets attention: such a countenance as one may not meet with more than twice or thrice in a life-time, and that stands apart from ordinary type, and leaves an impression behind that can never be forgot.

For a moment our pedestrian halts; looks around, and a half smile stirs to life the dark depths of his eyes. Then, seemingly guided by a new impulse he turns off to the left in the direction of the Rhine. And now the last note of the Angelus dies away in the craggy steeps, and he presses on, hastily, determinedly, his mind absorbed in the pursuit. Onward he goes, avoiding the village, and steering his course along by the Rhine. Heedless of the hard dry road, heedless of the heat and his excessive thirst, heedless of the beautiful scene that lay open before him, heedless of everything, he moves on, all intent on the purpose he has in view. His step grows hurried; he is impatient, jealous of each yard which divides him from the realisation of his dream. All this he has accomplished

before *in sleep*. He knows each turn, and light, and shade, and difficulty well, for he has seen and experienced all before, not once, but many times, and the first occasion was just a year ago. But he had not been dreaming then, for he was wide awake, and in deep thought over some abstruse problem while returning to his home. He remembered it well. Since then the same vision had returned to him again and again in dreams, until to-day, as the sun sank to rest, an impulse had come over him that, loath as was his sceptical mind, he was fain to obey.

Unweariedly he presses on, his purpose alone sufficing to brace his energy, but his body finds it impossible to compete with the power of his mind. He approaches a rocky chasm, and fixing his eye with eagle like swiftness, he espies a safe and easy descent. But it is circuitous; he cannot wait for that. Time is precious. He must accelerate the distance, or fail from sheer exhaustion—which? Never the latter though death were the price. He presses a hand to his brow. His lips are set, his countenance is suggestive of immense determination. Both eyes are ablaze. His nostrils expand, his pulses throb. And now with tight clenched hands he takes a leap, a tremendous leap. The chasm is cleared, he has gained the river bank, and finds himself staggering from the effects of the courageous effort, his senses stunned, his muscles strained and limp. But he bathes his temples in the water of the Rhine, and is soon himself again. Nevertheless he fancies he must be the victim of a mental or optical illusion, and stamps his feet and pinches his flesh before he can reassure himself to the contrary. Before him *in reality* lies the very scene that for twelve months past has haunted him *in dream*.

The Rhine: the young and lovely girl kneeling on the rough hewn stone, and gazing deep into the water, the little white goat by her side, even to the wistful anxious look in the animal's eyes. The Student is amazed. Never in the course of his studies has he met with so remarkable a fact as this. He is bewildered, and asks himself again and again if it is the old familiar dream. He had thrown himself back on his chair to rest. Had he fallen asleep, and was this the dream? Yes: he remembered he had had a dream, but that was before the sun had set some hour or two ago. He was awake now, had had a long and arduous walk, his condition bore witness to that, and this was indeed reality. Once again he was the Student, calm, critical, and bent on searching deeper, learning more. The shades were lowering fast, he must be quick to put his new purpose into operation. With a sudden effort he stems the current of his thoughts, and bids all distracting reflections be gone. His features now assume a stern rigidity. His whole strength, physical and mental, is called into requisition, and he determines that his will shall reach and affect the mind of that young girl seated on the stone by the Rhine. In order to accomplish this, he throws off the mesmeric power which his organism possesses in abundance, and, like electricity, it penetrates space until it meets with a conductor, a sensitive, in the person of our Mariana.

She feels the effect instantly. Of this he is assured by the shiver that thrills her frame. He smiles. That smile is photographed on the sensitive's face. He knows, as he continues to throw out his arms, and there letting them remain for a quarter of a minute fixed, and pointing direct at his subject, which efforts are most effectual; and he awaits the result with the patience habitual to a disciple of the laws of nature.

Presently he sees the golden head move. It turns his way. And now her bosom is uplifted in a long drawn sigh. Her fair face gradually becomes expressionless: it is turned full upon him now. At the will of the mesmerist her eyelids have closed, and her normal senses are being overcome by sleep, or rather mesmeric-trance. Although she retains her position, looking statuesquely beautiful in the waning light of eve, her countenance seraphic in its purity and serenity, consciousness for the time is stupefied, her mind at rest, her whole being passive and dormant, except to the will of an outside controlling power, a mind active and superior in might. The Student beholds the effect with a vast degree of satisfaction. It demands little or no effort for him to tear himself away from the contemplation of so beautiful a picture. It has no charm for him; his mind is otherwise bent. And now, after a brief interval of rest, during which he wipes the perspiration from his brow, and again refreshes himself with the water of the Rhine, he commences a performance of extending both arms, only to draw them back again slowly and evenly to his body with practised regularity and patient perseverance.

By and bye the sensitive is seen to make an attempt to rise. Her strength is feeble, and she falls back. The mesmerist, his dark eyes fixed upon her, continues his magnetic performance, ejecting by power of will his own nervo-vital force in order that she may gain the requisite strength. Now, with a slow tottering gait, and arms outstretched to the utmost, her fair face forward, and her eyelids somewhat raised and flickering, she takes a step, another, and another, stiffly, mechanically, yet safely, and in the right direction. Her body at first is scarce able to support itself. It inclines now to this side, now to that. But the mesmerist infuses additional energy into the task, and the result is, that his subject stands firm, and is able to step out with a sure and steady gait. She moves on, a step at a time, her arms before, her finger-tips pointing. She has left the stone; the little white goat gazes at her mistress in instinctive dread and amazement. But she moves on unheeding, and when the mesmeric power wanes, more is forthcoming, fresh is supplied. It is hard work for the Student. His whole strength is in the task. But he is stimulated as he perceives the distance diminishing between them. The sensitive draws near, but her progress varies. At each accession of borrowed energy she moves rapidly on. Then, as it is expended, so does the speed decrease until another supply be forthcoming. Thus is time spent, each minute in duration seeming ten times its length. Meanwhile, the Rhine glides on clear and undisturbed. The sun

has set, the night-birds are awakening, and the stars are peeping out like diamonds in the deep dark sky. All is at peace, and abnormally still, saving that at rare intervals a louder sound from the village is caught up, and repeated in echo somewhere far away behind the mountains, and the night-birds shriek a weird response from their homes in the neighbouring forests.

Still the performance is continued: the mesmerist steadily, patiently, determinedly perseveres. His task will soon be ended now. One last effort and it will be done. He is resolved to achieve a certain result if such be within the range of possibility, cost him what it may. Every muscle is at work, every nerve is strained to its utmost tension. Huge drops of perspiration stand out on his brow. The tax upon his physical organism is great. He feels a sort of faintness creeping over him. Must he fail, give in at the last, now, when he is about to add such a marvellous item to the store of his mental research? No! He will not give in. With this he makes one mighty endeavour. It is the last, and his whole strength, or what remains of it, is infused. His face grows purple, his muscles stand out like huge protuberances, while now the perspiration pours from his brow down his cheeks, and on to his breast. It is done. The effort is made. The task is achieved. And now with a placid smile of satisfaction on his curiously contorted countenance, he beholds the grand result. Mariana, still in a mesmeric sleep, has fallen on the ground at his feet. "One more triumph achieved in the annals of mental science," the Student observes as he commences to demesmerise his sensitive, and free her from his influence ere she return to her home that night.

CHAPTER V.

In the still noontide, in the sunset's hush,
In the dead hour of night when thoughts grow deep,
When the heart's phantoms from the darkness rush,
Fearfully beautiful to strive with sleep,
Spirit! then answer me!

THE home of Frau Schwartz was, as was previously said, both small and unpretentious. Situated in a sort of chasm in the mountains some short distance from the village, its solitude, together with the extraordinary habits of its indweller, had gained for it a peculiar notoriety among the village folk, the more imaginative of whom were wont to declare that they had upon more occasions than one been the eye-witnesses of occurrences bordering on the miraculous and supernatural in connection with that humble abode of mystery. Certainly the cottage was not permitted to relapse into a state of neglect and decay; and, dilapidation being an orthodox sequence of witchcraft, the minds of the curious were oftentimes troubled and sorely perplexed. But their only loophole of escape was this: the flowering currant growing up the wall, the clematis round the door, the rose-pots on the trimly-painted window-sill—all were attributable to the pretty golden haired maid whom nature in one of her freaks had seen fit to connect in ties of blood relationship with so odd and dubious a character as Grossmutter Schwartz.

If an external acquaintance with this interesting domicile could afford no solution to the mystery (of course there was a mystery, even the matter-of-fact proprietress of the Gasthaus maintained this), it is to be feared that a further acquaintance with its internal commodities might have proved equally as unproductive and provoking to the inquiring minds of those good folk. There was nothing to terrify, nothing to shock, nothing to amaze, nothing to condemn; in short, alas! nothing to talk about! So far as one could see, it was but a home typical of its class. A table, a settle, a stove in the corner of the room—these made up the chief articles of furniture, and these were of the most usual commonplace order.

But even this sense of gratified curiosity was denied them, and those self-same good folks with the inquiring minds were fain to content them with vain imaginings, for an insight they never got.

It was late that evening when Mariana got home, and it was only on the threshold, when she paused a moment to collect her thoughts, that she missed her faithful friend the goat. What had become of Nänchen? She pressed a hand to her brow, but all that she could remember was how the little creature had tugged at her gown, putting all her strength in the effort, to draw her away. After that she had fallen into a sound sleep, from which she had awakened to find herself lying alone on the shore by the Rhine, some distance from the dear old stone. Had she been dreaming? At any rate a strong consciousness was upon her of a pair of deep dark eyes that thrilled her very soul, and of a personality connected with those eyes, of a presence familiar in visions and dreams, though as yet in reality unknown, which presence was now fast dispossessing itself of its influence over her; and, though she would not have had it so, those eyes were going away, farther and farther away. She extended her arms and cried, "Come back." In vain; their wraith alone remained—it would always remain. Mariana sighed a deep woman's sigh. Then lifting the latch she entered; but her home seemed altered; everything seemed changed, not as it used to be. Life altogether was changed. Her grossmutter was changed, or how could she, Mariana, have been happy and content? Like the rest of us, she could not perceive the change was in herself.

She took her soup in silence, her grandmother meanwhile sitting over the fire, and after a word or two she too relapsed into silence. Mariana glanced at her zither. It was her custom to play for half an hour or so before she went to rest, and grossmutter had taught her some of the sweet old English airs. But to-night there seemed a something 'twixt herself and her beloved zither. She looked at it long and earnestly, and then suddenly rising, took it down, and after a short prelude commenced to play. It was one of those favourite English airs that one never tires of, and never in her life had Mariana played so well as now. Her touch was thrilling. The effect was such as the zither alone can produce. It moved the soul with its tender pathos. It was music in its highest sense. It transported the hearer to another sphere. It was beautiful, it was sublime! As

Mariana proceeded her large blue eyes became suffused with tears, and when the last chord was struck, and the inspiration was withdrawn, she burst into a torrent of weeping over the instrument that had but echoed the feelings of her tender sensitive soul. Music to be music must be the expression of our inward selves, or it cannot be appreciated nor understood. It was herself that Mariana wept over. Her spirit had entered into those thrilling strains. It was her own life that she had hearkened to, this life which she had chosen, this woman's life which she loved.

"Mariana!" The painful silence was broken at last. "Mariana!" The name was repeated, for it elicited no response.

"Yes, grossmutter," she said.

"Thou art a woman; seventeen years to-day," and then the voice of Frau Schwartz sank dreamily, as it is apt to do when one is absent from the present, and living in spirit amongst the shapes of the past again. "Seventeen years to-day," she repeated, dreamily.

"Yes, dear grossmutter, seventeen years to-day," Mariana made answer, raising her golden head from her zither wet with tears.

Frau Schwartz started. There was something in either the tone or words of the speaker that had a powerful effect upon her—something that brought back the past more realistically before her, and she shuddered. It might have been in the voice, for in the tone of a beloved voice there is a spell that can never die though eternity lie between. As age creeps on, it may be we catch some feeble imitation of that spell, never the same, only a faint echo, but sufficient to act as a sudden spark to the smouldering embers of our memory, and we love and suffer again.

Grossmutter Schwartz arose, and, passing round to Mariana, thrust a small trinket, which she took from the breast of her gown, into her granddaughter's hand, saying in her habitual, kind, yet peremptory way—

"Mariana, take this—keep it—wear it always. Let no one see it. Guard it as sacred. Treasure it as thy life's blood. It is a talisman, and will protect thee so long as thou preservest it with due regard and respect. Should'st be wanting, moreover—shouldst permit another to set eyes thereon—still worse, but for one instant to draw it from thy possession—woe to thee! Mariana, woe to thy woman's heart, woe to thy human lot! Now get thee to bed; thou need'st rest, and I would be alone. Gute Nacht! Schlafe wohl."

"Gute Nacht," and Mariana was gone, alone now; Nänchen had always been with her; now, Mariana was alone.

Frau Schwartz remained seated on the rough deal settle long after her granddaughter had retired. The lamp still burnt, though feebly, and the church-clock struck the hours as they went by, and still Frau Schwartz was absorbed in profound meditation. Twelve o'clock! And now a sudden contraction of the muscles produced a horrible contortion of the face and limbs. It is occasioned by a memory the hardest and bitterest of all. She can no longer sit still. She moves about restlessly, then gets up. She paces the floor, constantly steal-

ing a glance behind, and clenching her hand with a determination to resist the machinations of a hideous spectre that haunts her. She is resolved to cast it off to-night; it has haunted her long enough, seventeen years this night. *But it will not be cast off.* It works upon her more powerfully than ever. It is a spirit, an avengeful spirit that will not brook exorcism. Its mission is to taunt—to seek revenge. She knows why—alas! too well. She brings a strong mind to bear upon it. It is fancy—hallucination. She will not fear; she will overcome. Useless; It is there. She must submit. Its might surpasses her's. She must give in. She feels her strength wax feeble, her endurance fail. She cannot resist the magnetic attraction towards a certain corner. She strives hard, but fails. With a low cry, half anger, half despair, she obeys. Darting forward to the recess, and prompted by an impulse she cannot resist, she touches a spring in the wall. A door flies open and discloses a black silk curtain, which, when drawn aside, reveals a circular mirror, smooth and unblemished, set in an ebony frame. This she regards with fear, commingled with regard. It is her master, and at the same time her slave. She breathes upon it again and again, then presses her lips to its cold surface. Presently she repeats a name, a man's name, with weak entreating voice, and at its third utterance, the glass becomes cloudy to her clairvoyant vision, and myriads of tiny little bubbles appear and glisten like stars on a frosty night. An ever-shifting scene follows. Nothing as yet is definable, yet all is moving and instinct with life. It is as though in the crystalline depths of the mirror there lay another world—a world of visions, as yet in a state of chaos, wherein perpetual movement is effecting a rapid evolution. By and bye, a Shade is cast upon the side surface: a huge dark Shadow it proves to be when complete. A thrill pervades the frame of the beholder. She recognises that Shadow. Oh, yes; it is familiar enough to her. It is a shadowy semblance of the Being whom she has evoked—the Being who, although impalpable, has preserved an Identity, and with it an ever-increasing power to affect her solitary life. For years this Being has been acquiring influence over her until of late not a thought in her mind that was not the reflex of an outside suggestion—not a purpose that did not originate elsewhere—not an action that was not the outcome of a prompting which she strove hard against, but which she invariably failed to resist. True, she had courted while yet dreading this obsessing Demon—grown to love It while living in mortal terror of It—grown to yearn for It, and at the same time to loathe and to fear and to dread It. How to explain this enigma? It, this Phantom, has become as part of herself, the darker side of her nature, and, terrible as It is, It is a possession she would not now, if she could, renounce. Vampire-like, It feeds on her sorrow, lives on her life, and each has an irresistible power, a fascination over the other, this Spirit and this Mortal.

A strange wild cry escapes her as the mirror becomes shaded by the dark familiar Phantom, and a curious light appears in her eyes. She would clutch It; her long, thin hands are raised, but the Power

forbids, her arms drop down to her side. She strains her neck forward, and for a minute or so maintains a fixed and steady gaze. Her eyeballs are glazed, her features impassive. The penetrating eyes of the Phantom are searching her through and through. She feels them scorching her very soul, and yet she cannot get away. In imagination a dreadful scene is recapitulated. That vengeful, searching look has recalled it. Again she is in the wood; at night-time, in a wood without a certain continental city. She is searching for one whom she hates with a deadly hatred, the betrayer of her only child, her golden-haired darling. She finds him. He is keeping his tryst with another. She witnesses the rendezvous standing behind a tree until the lovers part. She hears him breathe a vow, such a vow as he had breathed to her child but a year ago; and now he repeats it to another. Her blood boils. She raises a hand to her breast, and a sardonic smile embitters her countenance. The interview is ended. Adieus are exchanged, clasped hands, and loving words and looks. She writhes beneath them, and pictures her beautiful child in the same situation as that weak, confiding woman. Again her hand is on something she has concealed at her breast. She waits a moment or two, biding her time with difficulty. Then she steps forth and confronts him. He starts. His face grows deadly pale in the moonlight, and a bitter curse escapes through his set teeth. She addresses him. She speaks her daughter's name. He answers not, but turns away. She follows, and repeats what she has said, with a like result. She grasps his arm and insists. He casts her a look of scorn. Now her hand clasps with eager impatience the weapon at her breast. She gives him again a chance. She repeats her daughter's name, and reminds him of his vows of a year ago. Both hands are uplifted to his shoulders, and she regards him full in the face, straight in the eyes. He cannot stand that gaze. He would release himself if he could, but his adversary is a powerful woman, and to-night she is possessed of treble her usual strength. She will not be repulsed. She will offer him this one more chance. Will he relent? He will not. He hisses an oath in her face, and casts upon her a glance of heartless contempt. 'Tis enough. The revolver is withdrawn, and the next instant the peaceful wood resounds with a woman's bitter triumphant cry. The deed is done. A man's form lies cold and dead, his up-turned face in the moonlight having on it still that look of scorn, and his latest victim, a weak, confiding woman, was the one to find him, her hero, thus next day. All this happened seventeen years ago, seventeen years to-night—the day our Mariana was born. And yet each detail was remembered and recapitulated as though it had occurred but the week before. Ever since that night this Phantom has hovered about, haunting her life. She has endeavoured to shake It off, but in vain. She has been forced to resign herself. And as time wore on she has grown to hunger for It, to miss It if It came not instantly at her call; and that hunger has developed and increased until she could scarcely imagine life without It. She is wont to anxiously await

the hour for Its appearance in the mirror, and the revival and re-enactment of that dread tragedy of her human existence. But it brings no relief. When accomplished, the unrest, the craving remains. Had it not been for the young Mariana, she would long since have put an end to her earth-life. What better off then? Alas! she did not know! But Mariana, her other golden-haired darling, the orphan, the tender woman-child was the stay to her life. She must live, though her sufferings were tenfold, live for the sake of the child. This then was the secret, the mystery if you will, of Grossmutter Schwartz.

CHAPTER VI.

And see! beside her cherub face there floats
A pale-lipped form, aerial, whispering
Its promptings in that little shell—her ear.

LIFE was changed for Mariana. The Autumn leaves had swept across her path, and lo! many intricate and hidden by-ways had come to light, in which her soul's most subtle feelings were called forth; and from the simple careless child, at the magical touch of a woman's great first love, her nature had become complex, so that it was difficult at first oftentimes to understand herself. She wondered, and was amazed and perplexed. The village folk had ceased to call her their Sunbeam now, although at times there kindled an ecstatic rapture in her beaming eyes, a rapture far surpassing any of those joys of other days. She was a Passion-Flower now. Her grossmutter had given her that name on account of the cross that from birth had weighed on her life, and the Student liked it, though he preferred the Sunbeam he said, and this for the simple reason that the latter he could understand, the former he could not.

Would she return to the old, easy life? No. Ten thousand times—No. This is one of the wise laws of Providence, that no matter how much we suffer in gaining experience and wisdom, we shrink from the idea of returning to a former state of easy, comfortable ignorance. Retrogression is contrary to the laws of nature. Even in the most degraded lives there is progress made.

And so Mariana continued to keep her tryst at the stone, and the still Autumn eve invariably found her down by the silvery Rhine. But where was Nänchen now? Mariana could not say. Her faithful little friend had not appeared since the evening of her mistress's birthday in the warm, glad, summer time when *he* had come, *he* with the dark, dark eyes, and usurped her (Nänchen's) place. He was here now; Nänchen was gone; and Mariana felt no regret. Her Wilhelm had come to meet her at the stone, every day at sunset since; and so it was that she never missed the little Nänchen, and her tender, endearing ways. Wilhelm more than supplied her place. He was so handsome, so clever, so brave; and the little walks they took together had a charm in them that she had never experienced in company with Nänchen, no, nor with Franz, nor handsome Otto

who was consoling himself with the ugly daughter of the Gasthaus, for Otto was but human too. Sometimes in their sunset rambles they would encounter some of the village folk, consequently of late the golden-haired maid had become a theme for gossip, and Grossmutter Schwartz was permitted to remain in peace. But of this Mariana was as ignorant as she was innocent. Moreover there was always someone to speak up in her behalf, for each mass of humanity has its leaven that serves to raise the whole. It would be bad for the world if it were not so.

Autumn's long shadows were cast upon the waters, and the leaves rustled along the shore, whither the English student wended his way many miles a day to keep his tryst with the lovely blue-eyed maid. It pleased him to be in her society. She was so entertaining, so charming, so natural, so true; in short, so different from those of his world. Besides, it relieved him after a day's hard study to walk and talk with her, to gaze on her soft woman face, to look in her deep, sweet eyes, to hearken to her gentle, soothing voice. He had not tried the mesmerism upon her again. That once sufficed. Now he was content to mesmerise her with his eyes, and not to send her to sleep. She often astonished him with her remarks, and occasionally would startle by giving utterance to some thought then occupying his mind. This mental sympathy was novel and interesting to him. He frequently tried experiments, and was truly astonished at the results. From simply expressing his thoughts she came to enlarge upon them, and evolve new and original ideas therefrom. At times her countenance would almost become transfigured, her face beamed so under inspiration. Then from her parted lips would issue utterances far in advance of her knowledge, or of his either for the matter of that, for he was not all-wise. Whence did these ideas come? he questioned himself, and could give no answer. Matter was all in all to him: He could not enter the realm of spirit, nor grasp the fact of the influence those "myriads of beings" have over us "both when we sleep and when we wake."

In one of their quiet walks, while treading the hallowed ground of the mountain cemetery, she made a sudden pause at the head of a certain grass-grown mound, and, clasping her hands on the surmounting wooden cross, gave herself up to one of her inspirations. Her head sank on her bosom, then was uplifted. Her eyes flickered, her cheeks grew deathly pale, and after gazing wistfully upward, as though upon something to herself alone perceptible, she began to speak.

Bring flowers to deck the grave, flowers fresh and fair,
And gems whose rich effulgence knows no wear,
That angel-eyes may glisten through their tears.

Bring daffodils and myrtle and edelweiss in bloom,
Wreathed with smiles and sunshine to adorn the tomb,
That angel-eyes may glisten through their tears.

Bring offerings glad and simple to the shrine,
A heart devoid of malice, self, or crime,
That angel-eyes may glisten through their tears.

A life by sin untainted, pure and free,
A mind untrammelled, open, clear to see,
That angel-eyes may glisten through their tears.

Then spirit-friends will hover by the mound ;
They are not dead ; they tread a holier ground
Where earth-born tears give place to angel-smiles.

Their sole regret is for the lone one here:
Earth is still fraught with many a mem'ry dear:
Your grief is theirs : they cherish your despair.

Bring flowers to deck the grave, flowers fresh and fair,
And whisper softly that you know them there,
Then angel-smiles will chase away earth-tears.

At the conclusion her voice died in a whisper. Her head sank upon the cross, and she touched and kissed it tenderly. Then a smile lit up her pure and lovely countenance, and it seemed she watched with loving eyes the withdrawal of a presence from earth far away up into the skies. It was gone; and Mariana retained but a vague consciousness of what had transpired. Her Wilhelm was there, that was enough; and the sun had but just set, so they had time before them yet ere she must return to her home. The Student had taken the pains to clear away the briars that partially obscured the wooden cross, and search for some date and inscription, but all that he found was a woman's christian name, no date, no age, no surname. He asked Mariana whose grave it was. *She did not know*, she said.

Again in the misty twilight of an autumn day the Student and Mariana took their customary walk. This time great rejoicings were being held in the village, for up in the Castle halls an heir was born. Of little import was this to Mariana, or to the Student either. They preferred to leave the festivities behind, content in each other's society as lovers are. The air was moist and chilly, and the falling leaves rustled. But this mattered not to the village folk, for their hearts were warm and light, and there was plenty to eat and drink—what more? But Mariana was strangely silent, not sad, but silent and thoughtful, and the Student remarking, said :

"What ails thee, Mariana? Tell me, I pray."

But Mariana smiling in his eyes could make no reply.

So they went on in silence, and the joy bells rang out from the little moss-grown church, and the people danced, and were merry in the gardens below.

By and bye she paused. The Student knew what was coming by the light that beamed in her eyes becoming brighter and brighter, until her whole countenance was illuminated. Then turning so that she held the old castle in view, the fortress, perched high on rocky steep, which had withstood many a fierce attack, and fixing her soul-lit eyes upon its weird walls and battlements, the following issued from her lips :—

A soul, a spark of God comes down to earth
And takes upon itself the form most fit
To its enlightened state, as doth the worm

The chrysalis striped shell ere it emerge
In the gay colours of the butterfly.

Incarnate thus
Alike from choice and dire necessity,—
(For in the spirit spheres the mind is clear
To see the loss of undeveloped good,)
This soul-being comes to a material plane
In fulfilment of a law both human
And divine, just as a shoot needs grafting,
That it may bear a richer, finer fruit.

In form most noble, perfect
In past experiences, yet incomplete,
Still lacking in those attributes which make
The God-like man, he comes as weakly babe
With all an infant's incapacity.
In time, by dint of care and education,
There ensues a steady evolution
Of the mind, the instrument of the soul.
The store-house once unbarred, therein lay bare
Gleanings of past experiences, such gems
As help to adorn the spirit's diadem,
Affection, wisdom,—all that buds on earth
And blossoms in the higher, radiant spheres.
An infant first, long years he takes to awake,
Gaining meanwhile—for nothing can be lost—
Impressions which, in after years, must bear
An influence on his more maturéd mind.
Intuitive, he learns with ease, nor fails to lend
An ever ready ear to that still voice
Which haunts man's inner consciousness as dim
Returning shade of long lost, cherished face.

Thus he journeys on through life's fair spring-time,
Yet not exempt from care, for trials are
The soul's best purifiers; oft from out
The sorrow laden soil there springs a fount
Of wisdom—source divine—and inherits
Manhood's rich estate.

His mind now open, free to think, to act,
Experience gained alike from failure
And from great plans and purposes achieved.
Life's thread resumed, now strengthened, firmer move,
And one march forward to a loftier strand,
The world receives and labels him her own;
One of her heroes both in might and name,
And men bow down in homage at his feet.

Thus gliding on, the goal in view
A far off vision of ideal self,
He strives to reach that goal urged on by hosts
Of ministering spirits, some dark, others
Upon whose fore-heads shine the emerald light
Of Wisdom, with the ruby's warmth of Love.

And still he journeys on,
And still fair fortune deigns to heap fresh gifts
On his well-favoured head. And so it comes
The world adjudges him a god, and pays
Him homage for his riches' sake.

In all humanity is some weak point,
 Some little rift that widens with much strain ;
 Of all 'tis vanity, most apt to give.
 Like some small worm it gnaws the inmost core,
 And often reck's the ruin of a bud
 That promised best—our bravest, fairest, fail
 At its rank, poisonous spell. And so did he.

In time he comes to hearken, and give heed,
 To voices that his praise perpetual sing,
 And sweetly does it fall upon his ear.
 He grows accustomed to its hollow tone,
 The cadence is lost in the sentiments it rings out.
 And he with mind enslaved from proud estate
 Of manhood, firm and free, is fain to sink
 And join the concourse grovelling in the dark
 Enfeebled, stunted, dwarfed.

Behold him now, low sunk and steeped in self,
 A spirit warped by its own narrow mail ;
 Confined and bound by self-imprisonment
 According to the righteous law which makes,
 Like the outcome of like, effect of cause,
 Doomed to live on until the light breaks in ;
 And steadily increasing, doth reveal
 The hideous utter littleness of self.

Then by and bye through death, there comes a birth,
 When unregenerate souls may strive again
 To subjugate the passions of the flesh
 To dictates of a loftier consciousness.
 By evolution, slow yet sure, it is,
 That progress is achieved, our souls made fit
 For higher births in the celestial spheres.

CHAPTER VII.

Du Heilige ! rufe dein Kind zurück !
 Ich habe genossen das irdische Glück,
 Ich habe gelebt und geliebt.

THE last breath of autumn had whispered to the trees, "the winter draws nigh; the last leaf must fall and decay." The forests answered not, but dismantled, raised aloft their giant arms like some great genius keeping guard over his beloved fatherland. Right nobly did these mighty defenders maintain their ground against both wind and weather, for it was a terrible winter, cold and wet and tempestuous, with alternate fits of frost. And the Rhine lay frozen in huge sheets of ice, awaiting some power, elemental or human, to break it up into blocks that would be borne along with a harsh grating by the current of the stream. Then the waters would be tossed, and dash their spray afar on the shore, even as far as the door of the cot wherein dwelt Grossmutter Schwartz.

At eventide this often disturbed her, and she would be impelled towards the door to find Mariana on the step about to come home. But her glance was always in the same direction, past the village along by the Rhine, and there was always the same sweet sadness

on her child-woman's face. What the meaning of it was her grandmother could not tell; only she had a vague yet terrible dread. But she kept it to herself, for never had she, so long as Mariana remembered, been a woman of many words. Now, little more than a simple *Guten Tag* or *Gute Nacht* was exchanged between them, and Mariana was always glad and quick to take her soup and be off to bed.

But a time came, a time of woe, and Mariana wept, for her Wilhelm was going away. He was sorry too, but his was a man's sorrow, and not so deep, so tender, so enduring as her's. He was sorry to leave this charming golden-haired maid who had amused and interested him so, and served to gladden his leisure with her simple winning ways. Besides this, admit it to himself or not, he had gained many an idea from her. He should miss her companionship, her fresh intuitive conceptions, her bright fancies, and unworldly ways. He wished there were more like her in the world, the world he was about returning to. Yes, he was going away, but he should ever retain a lively and pleasing recollection of his acquaintance with the Rhine, and its dear associations, he said; yes, and he would often think of the *Passion-Flower*, and picture her supremely happy in a bright little home of her own, with a fine brave husband by her side, and himself forgotten, of course, he added, with a sigh and a wounding look.

She shot him a swift glance, and answered with hasty breath:—"No, no: I will not have thee say that. It is false! *I shall never forget.*"

Poor Mariana! The next instant that sudden flash of fire was quenched by a torrent of tears.

"Sweet child," he said, "do not grieve. Who knows, perhaps it may not be long ere we are brought together again. We know not what fate has in store—fate is stronger than we. Dry thine eyes. Look bright and beautiful; be the *Sunbeam* once more before we say adieu."

Each word of his ate into her heart; but she made a mighty effort, and dashing the tears from her eyes responded:—

"Thou art right—Fate, or rather Providence is stronger than we. Whatever is, is right, and we must submit; for to endure is to conquer, and each endurance is a triumph achieved. Our paths must break in twain. It may be for a time: it cannot be forever. Forever means worlds and worlds beyond this, and many lives beyond this life. We may be brought together again, thou say'st, Wilhelm. Aye, and we *shall*. If not here, hereafter. But methinks we shall meet again upon this earth: something tells me so. But I cannot say how nor when. It is so vague this impression that I have. What means it, Wilhelm? Dost thou know?" she added, glancing up into his dark magnetic eyes. He laughed a sceptical laugh, and made some light reply.

"Wilhelm, it is true. Our destinies are writ in yon bright star. Searching there I read how that through the ages it is decreed we

work together for one great end. Maybe that for a while distance may lie between us ; but what is that to the capacities of the spirit ? Space is relative : to the limitless it exists not. We, as mortals, are creatures of limitation ; but there is within each of us, and all, a quenchless spark which, when released from the decaying shell, if it be pure and undimmed as it issued from the Great Celestial One, is boundless in its sphere of action. This is spirit and spirit has the range of the universe. Spirit in its essence is divine : Spirit is God in Man."

"But tell me more of ourselves, of thy destiny and mine," he said, half seriously, half smilingly, and interested in spite of himself.

"Of ourselves ? Of thy destiny and mine ? Then take my hand—so. Be still : let your mind be passive. The influence comes : I feel it creep over me now," she said, with a shiver. "Ah, what is this ? I see a long luminous chain. It is the chain that binds humanity together. So feeble and slight in parts, and some links are severed ; many are broken, some snapped, others shattered. Thine and mine are there. They are symbolic of our lives. At times they are firm and bright : then they grow dim, and look so slight and poor, it seems they must break. But no, never break. They wax stronger and firmer linked as our lives go on. It seems this is not our first life, Wilhelm ; neither is it our last by many, many—I cannot perceive the end. But now, listen. A sweet woman's voice is singing in my ear. She accompanies herself on a zither like my own ; and the music is tender and sublime. Would that you could hear ! Hush ! She sings !

It might have been in dream, love,
A spirit came to me,
And spoke in whisper sweet, love,
Of life that is to be.

Of life beyond this earth, love,
Where toil and care are rife,
Of life where truth prevails, love,
And peace hath vanquished strife.

Where loftier hopes and aims, love,
Than any we can know,
While prisoned in the flesh, love,
Bloom from the seed we sow ;
Where kindlier hearts and true, love,
Are open unto prayer,
Of frail pale lips that fain, love,
Would breathe a purer air.

There for an instant only,
The veil seemed drawn aside,
And I beheld such scenes, love,
As language can but hide.
We both were in that life, love,
Together, you and I ;
But how sublimely changed, love,
And yet still you and I.

From earthly bonds set free, love,
Redemption justly won,
Our souls were purged of sin, love,
The true life had begun.

I fain had looked still longer,
 But now that same voice said—
 "Wait till your soul grows stronger,
 On earthly woes 'tis fed.

"Then in the Bright Hereafter,
 By guardian angels led,
 One star will rule the destinies
 Of spirits truly wed.
 No more shall doubt oppress you :
 One God, one Truth, one Aim :
 The beacon, Love, to guide you,
 Two souls, yet one, the same."

Howe'er it was 'tis true, love,
 My heart grew light and gay ;
 The clouds of night were gone, love,
 And now 'twas glorious day.
 But away in the rosy dawn, love,
 Where golden cities stand,
 Methought I saw a spirit, love,
 Waving her snowy hand.

When she had finished she passed her hand wearily across her brow and an expression of fatigue was upon her soft inspired face. Joy, hope, consolation, all had vanished, and the thought alone remained of the coming separation. Wilhelm was going away.

"Mariana," he said, "I feel it hard to part from thee. I had not dreamed how hard ; but it must be. And see ! the sun has already set—'tis time to say adieu. But first, is there not something thou can'st give me to keep in remembrance ? This ring of mine I would have thee keep and always wear—for my sake. And for me—what hast thou, Mariana ? What is this around thy neck ? Let me see, let me have it. No ? Thou wilt not spare it—for me ? 'Tis some love token, I ween. Nay, look not so angrily, child ; I would not pain thee for the world. But what am I to have ? Why not this that hangs around thy neck ? Is it so valuable ? I doubt not this ring is worth thrice its value. It was my mother's, and was a sort of talisman in her family, so they say. I prize it much, and yet I give it thee. Wear it, and if it possess any mystical virtue, maybe my spirit will be near when thou art seated on the stone, keeping the old tryst by the Rhine. Ah, thou art relenting—that is kind. I may take it. Now it is mine. More precious to me far for the donor's sake than for its intrinsic worth," and he presses his lips to the trinket her grandmother had given her on her birthday, and which had been prized by the unfortunate mother of the young Mariana, though it had not sufficed to avert her hapless fate. And now he extends his hand in adieu, and once more their eyes meet, Mariana's startled, appealing as a hunted deer's, the Student's magnetic and dark. She has his ring strung on the ribbon at her neck ; he her trinket, her talisman, on the watchchain at his side.

Adieus are exchanged ; the last word is said ; the Student has gone, and Mariana is left to find her way home alone. Henceforth always alone. Nänchen, Wilhelm, both are gone.

"And this is to be a woman," she says, "to be alone."

CHAPTER VIII.

Das Auge sieht den Himmel offen
Es schimmt das Herz in Seligkeit.

THE night gloom had gathered : the voice of the day was hushed : a melancholy silence was abroad. Clouds of chilly moisture rose up from the Rhine, striking cold, and clinging to the heart of a wanderer from home. Not a sound to disturb the monotony. Had there been a breath of wind, there were no leaves to rustle—all were dead.

Mariana shuddered as she went home that night. Her sensibilities were keener than most, her sufferings proportionately great. Some there are whose finer natures are so blunted they scarcely know what suffering is. What are such lives? lives that have known no great sorrow? Blanks; until the time comes when the spirit is aroused by some great shock or trouble. To Mariana this had come early, that was all. And yet she did not relent, nor grieve over the life she had lost. She might suffer, she might dread, but she could not regret. She had tasted of the sweetness of a pure, unselfish love, and her being was sanctified thereby. She was a woman; she would not be a child again for all the world, even though she felt, she knew she must be alone. Alone! she realised the full meaning of that word now, she could not before. She must be alone, for are we not often most alone when surrounded by a crowd of our fellow-creatures? A sensitive nature is so. This spiritual isolation is the worst; it is slow and cruel death. Compassionate the poor child who keeps its pains to itself; useless to tell, they would not be understood. Thus it is that many of our best promising lives are cut short, or, if not, are chilled and permitted to drift in a wrong direction by the cross currents of the stream. Sympathy is the mainspring of such lives. Give it them amply, freely, and the world will reap the benefit from their purer fragrance, their lofty and refined essence. Without it they wither and decay; or worse, these choice blossoms degenerate into rank and poisonous weeds.

During Mariana's absence that evening, Frau Schwartz had been singularly employed. Just as the sun was sinking in the west that same dominant impulse had impelled her to look in the mirror. After going through the usual preliminaries, she was in due time favoured with the like results. The shadow appeared upon the mirror in response to her bidding. But this evening, instead of recapitulating that dread tragedy of her earlier life, there opened up before her in the mirror a totally different scene, *a scene which at that very time was being enacted*. With impatience she awaited the development of the moving mass as it was shaped in the crystal. It was slow to fashion with distinctness. Some power without brought a contrary influence to bear upon it. The magnetism would not penetrate the one for whom it was intended, but was thrown off as from a non-conductor. But the resisting force was conquered; and now 'twas easy enough to transfer a subjective impression of what was then objectively occurring some half a mile or so away by the Rhine.

Frau Schwartz started. She recognised the whole at once; her—Mariana's—face upturned in simple confiding truth to that of a dark-eyed stranger. It is as though an icy hand clutched her heart, her terror is so great. She makes a frantic rush towards the door; but her knees give way, and she sinks upon the floor.

"Mariana, Mariana!" she cries aloud, and her voice sounds hollow and weird in the gloomy silent night. She makes an effort to rise. She cannot; she is too weak. "Mariana!" she cries again. "Heed him not. He is false. He has those same dark eyes. Mariana, darling, hear me—heed him not! Those eyes are false; they will betray." Then again she makes an effort to get up, but failing, sinks back upon the floor. Her anguish is pitiable; she can find no relief. She gazes yearning at the door, and seeks by all possible means to reach it, but in vain; strength will not permit.

"I know it now. Thou hast parted with thy talisman. *He* has it. He has stolen it from thee, that stranger with the dark eyes. Mariana, child, take care. He is false. Believe not what he says. Hear'st thou, darling? Oh God, grant that she may hear! God in Heaven, protect my darling child."

For the first time for seventeen years and more, Grossmutter Schwartz raised her voice in prayer. That prayer was heard, for it came from the depths of the heart, and an answer was returned. The spirit of the unfortunate young mother was there to guard her child, and, at the same time, to soothe the agonising fear of the aged woman. By means of that simple prayer this bright spirit was enabled to draw near to her sorrow stricken parent; and she brought solace to the worn and harassed soul, and severed the dark link which connected the mortal with the vengeful obsessing demon. Grossmutter Schwartz was freed—was free for the first time for seventeen years. And now she lifted her voice again, this time in thanksgiving and in mercy for him—him whose life on earth had been cut off ere he had had time to amend. Eternity was before him. There was time to make atonement for his mis-spent earthly career, time for the regeneration to take place. Frau Schwartz prayed from her heart for aid, for light to perceive, for strength to perform; not for herself, for *him*. This prayer was answered too.

And heaven's gates were opened wide to admit a long lost erring soul, and the attendant spirit smiled a beauteous smile. For this she had been striving, and her efforts are rewarded at last. This is another bright jewel added to her celestial crown. But her work on earth is not yet ended. She must leave her bright spirit-home to guard both her child and her mother. God will help her. God will have mercy on the bent grey head. God will bless the gentle woman-child.

CHAPTER IX.

O mein Geist! ich fühle es mir strebt nach etwas,
Ueber-erdschen das keinem Menschen gekönt ist.

THE winter months dragged on; sad months they were. The harvest had failed, the vintage had failed, and poverty and crime were

abroad—two spectres that, entering in at many a door, seized upon the old, the young, the silver-haired, the rosy-cheeked, and those in life's full prime. And the rich escaped not either. It was a time of universal woe. Panic, pestilence, and famine ravaged humanity, and misery and death were the result. Storms and disaster at sea, and wars on land; conflicts and enmity everywhere. Still, the world went round, bearing its burden along with it, and there were many smiling faces left, though they might conceal an aching heart. This sort of deceit is perhaps commendable; for if we all brought our sufferings and our woes to the surface, what a world we should live in! Bright faces can do no harm; they can do much good. Wear them as long as you can.

But Mariana was unaware of what was going on. For weeks she lay racked with fever, at intervals tossing and raving in delirium, with only a minute or so of consciousness, and that rarely. She would soon relapse into her incoherent ramblings—disconnected, delusive, visionary. Yet at times there fell from her poor, parched lips some strange and startling truth—startling from one of her years. She read it in those eyes, she said, that gazed at her from different parts of the room. Dear dark eyes! they were always there—they would not leave her alone. Let her grandmother try to persuade as she would, Mariana maintained this belief. Even in her momentary intervals of consciousness, she would have it that those eyes were there, and this belief pleased and comforted her. Yes, strange to say, these marvellous inspirations were invariably founded upon the self-same text—a pair of deep, dark eyes, that haunted her by day as well as by night throughout her long, long illness. Sometimes her eyes would grow larger and bright with tears, and she would stretch out her poor, thin arms in an attitude of entreaty. That failing, she would make great efforts to get up and go to him whom she persisted was in need of her, of her guidance, and her love. "Those eyes drew her," she said, "she must go;" and it required all her grandmother's strength and determination to restrain her. She often talked of strange things, of unfamiliar places, customs, and manners, and when interrogated as to where such were to be found, would answer direct and positively that it was in England that she saw them; that she had been in England just now. Wilhelm had called her, and his dark magnetic eyes had served as her conductor and guide. Frau Schwartz wondered and was perplexed, for on this point Mariana appeared as sane as she was sure. If it were nought but hallucination; the outcome of a disordered brain, how then could she be so accurate, so minute? She went into details concerning the habits of people of whom she had no knowledge, and described the scenery, the peculiar nationalities of that foreign land; but what is most remarkable, occasionally she, apparently in converse with some one invisible, spoke the English tongue—spoke it fluently and well. Upon these occasions she would discourse upon scientific themes, and explain the most abstruse and recondite problems with easy lucidity. She appeared most happy whilst thus employed. But this would pass

away, and again she would be raving in wild delirium, from which she would emerge only to relapse into a pitiable state of despair. She was alone. Oh, 'twas awful to be alone! Grossmutter was there, but what then? She could not understand. Nänchen was gone: Wilhelm was gone, and left her a woman—alone. "Would they ever come back?" she asked. "Oh, yes. They must, they would come back to her some Summer eve, when keeping her tryst by the Rhine. They would come, she was certain of it: both would come, and she would be alone no more." This thought soothed and comforted her, and for a while she would lie peacefully with a happy smile on her delicate face. But not for long. Again, she would start up with a fearful light in her eye, and declare that she heard a harsh and cruel voice hissing in her ear—

"Hear'st not?" she would cry in a terrified tone, "I know it, 'tis Syrene's voice," and she would then repeat in strange tones that had a weird music in them, passionate, despairing, that would haunt the ear and play upon the soul:

Life holds more pain than pleasure,
 'Tis true, 'tis true;
 Sunbeam, bid sunbeams forever,
 Adieu, adieu!
 Take then this wreath of willows,
 Of rue, of rue;
 Emblem of life's dread billows,
 For you, for you.
 List to the night-winds sighing,
 "Too late, too late!"
 Night-birds, responding, crying,
 "'Tis fate, 'tis fate!"
 Henceforth more pain than pleasure,
 For you, for you;
 Sunbeam, bright Sunbeam forever,
 Adieu, Adieu!

"Adieu, adieu!" Frau Schwartz, bending low over the golden head now sunk back 'upon the pillow turned sharply round. She was confident she heard that last word repeated. By whom? There was no one besides herself, and Mariana, now in a sound sleep from sheer exhaustion, in the room. Who was it who spoke? And now a sudden yet firm conviction seizes upon her that it was he—he who for so many years has been the evil genius of her life—the Phantom, the Spectre, the Demon. No longer such. She is freed; he, a bright spirit now.

"Adieu! Forgive," she answers; then kneels and prays while Mariana sleeps, and is saved.

CHAPTER X.

And the Passion-Flower drooped and died with the setting of the Sun.

MARIANA did recover from her long and terrible illness, but not for months. It was Spring-time when she could get up again—late on

in Spring ; and then she was woefully weak. Many, many attempts did she make ere she could reach the stone, that Mecca of her faith, that Kaaba of her world, that one spot on earth to her. But she got there at last, again and again keeping her tryst with earnest, implicit faith. Wilhelm would come, she was sure of it, though he had not sent her a line nor a word since he left her that chill Autumn eve. She should see him again, once more on earth again, and she had not long, very long, to wait now. So she came day after day and kept her tryst on the stone by the Rhine ; and with the ring, his ring in her hand, would gaze long and earnestly into the chrysolite stone. In its greenish golden depths she had discovered another vision-world, and she loved to wander in the intricate windings of this mystical land. In it her mind was open to perceive the wisdom of her sufferings. Her soul was being chastened, her spirit was ripening for a higher life, a life for which she was beginning to yearn, only she must wait until the time came, wait until those eyes came as a warning for her to prepare. The Passion-Flower must die—all must die. Death is the beauteous angel who bears us to a brighter land where sunbeams may gladden, and lovely flowers may bloom. She feared not, she loved that beauteous angel ; only not yet, she must wait.

And so the Spring-time passed, and Summer came again ; and the gloom and misery of the Winter was buried and forgot. Humanity is prone to forget ; perhaps it is as well. Summer, with its golden days and nights of heavenly beauty, holy calm. And Mariana's birthday is here again.

Sunset finds her at the old, beloved spot. She has had great difficulty in getting there this evening. Her weakness has increased rapidly of late. She thought she could never accomplish it this time. She had so many rests to make, and terrible fits of coughing racked her chest, forcing tears into her big, blue eyes. But she pressed on, and ultimately she reached the goal. It was her birthday—perhaps her Wilhelm would come. She must be there. And the Rhine, the dear old Rhine, she must speak to him once more. And Nänchen, would she be there ? It was Mariana's birthday—she was eighteen years old to-day. So she took her accustomed seat on the stone, and with the chrysolite ring pressed to her breast thought of all she loved best—Wilhelm ; Nänchen ; her Grossmutter, who had been kinder, more tender and affectionate and sympathetic, ever since her late severe illness ; the village folk, including the daughter at the Gasthaus, who was about to become the handsome Otto's bride ; the deep, mystical, murmuring Rhine, to whose bosom were imparted so many secrets ; the flowers, the reeds, especially those broken and despised ; the stars, that reminded her of those dear, dark eyes—all had souls, all were her friends, she loved them all now.

And in each star she found a new world, but one God, ever the same, although each world had its guardian, or maybe more than one presiding spirit, as we Christians have our Jesus, the Mahommedans their Mahomet, the Buddhists their Buddha, as model and guide.

Mariana had thought much of late of that religion which the churches and chapels are supposed to teach, and she found it open out to her mind and comprehension so easy, so clear—a child might understand. She wondered if all who attended mass in those pretty churches, dotted here and there along the Rhine, felt as happy, as blessed as she did. Did they all realise the goodness and mercy of God, who would not permit one soul out of the millions and millions to be lost? There was hope and salvation for all. This thought was cheering, and brought a sense of blessedness such as one of our great minds has said, is better than happiness. It would bear the strong light of reason too. Can anything decreed by God be failure—waste? Though for a time clogged, the higher attributes dormant, the finer nature blunted and choked, the spark of divinity is there unquenched, unquenchable, and ultimately will have power to animate and illumine the soul. Would that all could know this!

The villagers of late had ceased their gossip, and one more bold than the rest had set the fashion of dropping a curtsy with a "Guten Tag" when Mariana passed by. Others had taken it up, and now even the dignified *Bürgermeister* would touch his official hat all ribboned and smart, in exchange for a glimpse of her sweet, soul-lit face.

Moreover they were mute now on the theme of "Old Frau Schwartz." There was a rumour afloat in the Spring that somebody had actually had a sight of her by daylight, and had found that sight none so displeasing either. Mariana's grossmutter was no *Bösewicht* after all; but a handsome and pleasing frau. These good folk oft wondered at seeing the golden-haired maid wending her way at the same hour always, along by the Rhine, and the priests eyed her askance; but the villagers kept their opinions, and pleased themselves as to whether they should speak with her or not.

And thus things were when her birthday came round again. It was a glorious Summer morning when Mariana arose soon after the sun. She looked through her window at its soft warm gladdening beams, and thought when it sank to rest how nice it would be to rest along with it—that bright beautiful sun! All day she went about her duties with a lighter hand, a lighter heart, and her grossmutter rejoiced to see her so happy, so well.

"Mariana, thou art better to-day," she said, glancing affectionately at her.

"Yes, dear grossmutter, quite well. And now my work is done, I would play thee one of those airs thou lov'st so well, those dear old English airs. Dost know, grossmutter, in the Winter when I was ill, I used to go away, far away, and listen to those same sweet airs; but they had no zithers there; it was a large instrument with white and black keys, and a finely dressed lady sat and played in a large and beautiful room. But the lady was not happy. I felt that. Had she been happy she would not have played like that. Shall I show thee how she played?"

With this she struck a few chords, then commenced in low thrilling strains one of the simple English ballads, and soon both her own and

her grossmutter's eyes were swimming with tears. Each note thrilled the fibres of the soul, each sound was as the wail of a despairing heart, each touch the expression of an intense and inward sorrow the world knew not of. Mariana wept. By means of this music she had been brought *en rapport* with a being whom in earth-life she had never met. She shared her sorrow; she wept; and that sympathy, those tears did good. The sorrowing one felt soothed, and comforted, and relieved, though she knew not how nor why. Have we not most of us experienced the same? Suddenly in the midst of our anguish, relief has come, we know not whence nor how.

Mariana ceased, and presently commenced some other strain—original this one, and her listener raised her head, and gazed at her while she played. The music was strange—like no other: it seemed to come from afar, it was so soft and dreamy, so refined and spiritual. And Mariana's face, meanwhile, was aglow with inspiration. She looked scarcely of the earth—more like some picture of the Madonna of the old masters, so simple, so pure, so tender, withal so blessed, so content; and the music was in accordance so sublime!

But this also came to an end, and Mariana, without a word, arose and put the zither away.

Sunset drew nigh at length, and Mariana stole out to keep her tryst at the stone. So far, so hard she found it: her cough distressed her, and her strength waxed less and less; but she managed it, she kept her tryst. It was the eve of her eighteenth birthday—what would it bring? She sat upon the stone; her hands were clasped upon her lap, her large eyes—so large now compared with the small white face—gazing dreamily before her; the Rhine, still and deep and clear at her feet. For awhile she remained thus, heedless of everything save her own delicious thoughts. A soothing feeling came stealing over her, and she became steeped in reverie. In spirit she was far away, and it is wonderful how much she saw in so short a space of time; for presently she awoke with a start, and the full consciousness upon her of a presence approaching. Hither it came: whence she did not know. Now it drew nigh—was close beside, and its influence thrilled her with delight. Her pulses quickened: her delicate cheek flushed. Such rapture could only be experienced by the presence of one upon earth. Was the time come? Was her Wilhelm here?

Her eyes grew bright as stars, and her heart beat loud and fast at the thought. Then she speaks:

"Wilhelm, art thou here?" she says, and presses his ring to her lips.

"Ach Gott! What is't?" she suddenly exclaims. In her astonishment, she drops the ring: it rolls along the stone, and over into the Rhine.

"My ring!" she cries. "Wilhelm, I have lost it; it is gone," and she wrings her hands in despair. But her attention is diverted, even the ring is forgotten. Some spell is upon her, and she gazes with her eyes fixed and fascinated over the waters of the Rhine. What is

it that she sees? Nought, apparently, but a vaporous mist arising from the river. But to her clairvoyant vision it is more. In that mist, as in some mystic vision, she beholds the form, the features of one she loves. She perceives the slow and steady evolution; the outline becoming more and more defined, the details filled in, until the whole is complete. Then a loud cry of joy escapes her—

“Wilhelm! thou art come at last.”

The pine-trees rustle; the lindens wave; and balmy breaths are wafted like lovers' sighs. She fancies she hears her name breathed low in her ear—

“Mariana, Mariana!” and she thinks her Wilhelm speaks to her. She kneels now on the stone, and is gazing intently over the calm, clear water.

“Wilhelm! stay with me,” she says. “Alas! he cannot. See! he vanishes already. He is gone.”

Her head droops low on her bosom and she weeps.

“Wilhelm is gone. Wilhelm is dead,” she murmurs. “It is his spirit I have seen; his spirit that cannot die.”

Huge tears ooze from her soft blue eyes, and falling mingle with the waters of the Rhine. She experiences no great agony; only a numbing sense of sadness, not bitter, not hard, calm and still, tranquil and sweet.

And the evening shades close in: the sun has set: and still Mariana remains peaceful and alone. She thinks not at all of how she can get home. She is content to remain so. But, by and bye, as time wears on, she is disturbed by voices raised in anger in the Gasthaus down below. She awakens from her trance-like reverie—awakens to find herself weak and chilled and alone.

“Ah Gott! and this is to be a woman—to find oneself alone,” she cries in the anguish of her human heart.

“And yet aught else I would not be. 'Tis sweet to be a woman, to suffer and to love. The Sunbeam may go: the Passion-Flower remains. Search well 'neath its petals, there thou'lt find its cross, its life, its love. Some day it may die; but its essence, its spirit, will live; *it* can *never* die. Some day—why not now, this eve of my birthday? Two years ago the Sunbeam faded and died—why not the Passion-Flower now? 'Twas my birthday then: 'tis my birthday now.

“The Rhine lay so still, so deep, so kind. I remember well that eve. 'Twas there I first was a woman; 'twas here I shed my first tears. Dear Rhine! what comfort hast thou now to give? Mariana is weak and ailing and alone. Wilt thou grant me rest? I am weary, so weary, Old Rhine, and thou art always so kind. Open wide thine arms and let me rest. The sun has set; the Passion-Flower is drooping; it soon must die. Life is too hard; its burden is too great. The sun has set; the Passion-Flower will die. Dear Rhine! take me in thine arms to rest,” she passionately cries.

The pine-trees rustle, the lindens are stirred, and she fancies she hears spirit voices calling her home to rest. She gets up, takes one

long last look at the village down in the valley, with its gardens and pretty moss-grown church; then looking up into the sky repeats a simple prayer, and is about to take a leap when something withholds her by a firm grip of the gown—so firm she cannot shake it off, she cannot get away. She turns to see what it is, and the old familiar face of Nänchen meets her view. Nänchen; yet how altered! Nänchen, nevertheless.

"Ah, Nänchen, is't really thou!" she exclaims. "Whence cam'st thou? Where hast thou been? Why did'st thou leave thy Mariana, all alone?" she asks in a breath.

The little animal makes answer by rubbing her shaggy, unkempt head against her mistress' cheek. Though absent, Nänchen had not forgot.

"Poor little one!" Mariana pitying says; "so thin, so uncared for, so old. Thou must have suffered much, Liebchen, and thy Mariana did not know! Ah! now thou can'st understand what it is to be alone! Thou art not human, yet methinks thou can'st understand. But all is over now, my Nänchen. See! the sun has set: let us also seek rest, here on this dear old stone, thou and I; not alone, but in each other's arms. Thou too art weak and weary, faint and worn. Dear one! nestle close! I would have thee take of my life. Thou art perished, hungered, and chill. Thy Mariana is drooping. The Passion-Flower is fading fast. Keep close. Press thy poor little head to my breast—so. It eases the pain, and will give thee warmth and life. And now, my Nänchen, we will rest, for the sun has set and the Passion-Flower must die. Farewell, dear Grossmutter! bright, beauteous earth, farewell!"

Two dead bodies cold and white in a close embrace were found next morning on the stone by the beautiful Rhine, and the finder recognised them immediately as those of Mariana, the golden-haired maid, and Nänchen, the pretty white goat—her fond and faithful friend.

All the good folk were anxious to be the first to communicate the sad news to their extraordinary neighbour, but alas! when they entered the cottage-home, they found nought but a corpse.

With the sun that evening, there had sunk to rest a sad and troubled life, which, like the sun, would rise again all fresh and bright to fulfil its mission on some other shore, where it would be seen that earthly sorrows are the cords that connect earth's children with that Supreme Source whence all our blessings flow. Grossmutter Schwartz was dead.

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